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BACON, SHAKESPEARE, AND THE CRITICS.

[A PAPER WRITTEN FOR THE BACONIAN CONVERSAZIONE, JULY 17TH, 1893.]

DURING the last three or four years the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, as it was formerly called, has very much altered in character and in the range of its enquiries. At first the only question in debate was, "Did Francis Bacon write the Shakespeare plays and poems?" Most persons who investigated this question carefully and impartially, speedily arrived at the conclusion that he did, and that the literary and scientific fame already crowning the

"God-like face of large-brow'd Verulam,
The first of those who know,"

must be reinforced by the more resplendent glory belonging to the greatest poetic achievements of all time. The puzzle and the paradox of William Shakspeare had become unendurable to all who fairly fronted the problems associated with his name; and there can be no doubt that the solution found in the Baconian theory of Shakespeare has proved entirely satisfactory to a large number of thoroughly intelligent and competent students.

But soon other questions began to shape themselves into clear and ever more and more pressing form. Is the Shakesperean poetry limited to the poems which pass under this name? It was noted that many inferior plays were published as Shakespeare's, during his life time, which no one now cares to attribute to him. We do not particularly wish to credit Francis Bacon with *A Yorkshire Tragedy* or *The Widow of Watling-street*, whether he had any hand in their production or not.

But even the very earliest of the recognised Shakespeare poems appeared when Bacon was more than 30 years old. We know that his genius ripened early, that in his early manhood he had little or no public or professional work to occupy him, that in those days he had much leisure and scanty resources. We know also that he was continually busy in secret studies, and that his mother was anxious lest his health should suffer from his perpetual and unaccountable labours. The poetry which we now know to be his was either anonymous or it was published under a mask. The inference is irresistible. Perhaps the Shakespeare mask was not the only one. It is not difficult to identify the resonant tones of his voice, the philosophic richness of his thought, the musical cadence of his words. Qualities such as these shine luminously through any disguise, however subtle. Can we not find them elsewhere?

It is obvious that these questions must be fairly met, and that in the consideration of them, so long as we maintain a strong hold on common sense and the ordinary laws of literary criticism, we need not fear going very far astray.

Speaking now only for myself, I may say that I have no hesitation whatever in lifting the mask of *Marlowe*, and finding concealed beneath it the same "large-browed" features as those which peer from the cover of Shakespeare. This conclusion is, I claim, to a great extent, proved. Also, I am fully satisfied that the same personality may be detected in the three *Parnassus* plays. The matchless collection of Elizabethan lyrics, called *England's Helicon*, was certainly edited by Bacon, and most of the anonymous poems in it are unmistakably his. There may be, and probably are, many other lyrics of his composition in the other song-books of the period; perhaps there are other dramatic pieces awaiting recognition. But I cannot myself at present go beyond those I have named. I am hesitatingly inclined to hand over to Bacon, Burton's "*Anatomy of Melancholy*." Its intellectual affluence is wonderful. It contains quite a marvellous store of Shakespearean ideas, allusions, and expressions, and enables us to trace a good deal of Shakespearean thought to its classic and other sources. Some of our friends think that Bacon wrote "*Montaigne's Essays*." For my part, I may say that, while leaving for further enquiries the question whether he or

his brother Anthony may not have had some share in their production, I am fully persuaded he did not write them himself, and that his special literary marks are absent from these strange and interesting essays. But when the attempt is made to take possession in Bacon's name of Massinger, Chapman, Ben Jonson, Shirley, and others, I can only hold up my hands in amazement at such a mixture of fanaticism and audacity. One adventurous explorer would go even beyond this, claiming for Bacon, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," Dean Swift's and Addison's works, and I know not what other literature going far on to the close of the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries. Evidences for such astonishing conclusions ought to be large and irresistible, but we can hardly so consider them.

As a Baconian, I protest earnestly against the mere announcement of such extravagant notions, as likely to inflict incalculable injury on our cause. What the learned and "judicious" Hooker says of Holy Scripture may be most exactly applied to these most incredible pretensions:—"As incredible praises given to men do often abate and impair the credit of their deserved commendation, so we must likewise take great heed lest in attributing unto [the Scripture of Francis Bacon] more than it can have, the incredibility of that do cause even those things which indeed it hath most abundantly to be less reverently esteemed."

The arguments employed in the Bacon-Shakespeare case are most various and, in my view, most conclusive. The negative argument against William Shakspeare is absolutely irresistible, and this is the argument on which all others are based. It is true that some ill-informed opponents of the Shakspeare claim have, in a curious visitation of blindness, overlooked this. And even Mr. Stotsenburg, who is not an opponent, writes in *BACONIANA*: "The Baconians are at a disadvantage now, for they try to set up their own divinity before knocking down the impostor from his gilded pedestal." It is not necessary to stamp William Shakspeare as an impostor: but, disregarding this, Mr. Stotsenburg's statement only shows that he cannot have read the arguments of Judge Holmes, or Appleton Morgan, or Mr. Donnelly, or of the Bacon Journal, or he would have never made such a strangely inaccurate assertion. The positive arguments in favour of Bacon are,

if possible, even stronger than the negative against Shakspeare. From the very nature of the case they cannot be direct; documentary evidence may yet be discovered, but at present we must dispense with it. I may not now, even in the most summary way, enumerate these arguments, not even the leading varieties under which they may be classed. For immediate and popular use the strongest argument, though not by any means the only strong one, is that from parallels. My conviction is that even this argument, powerful as it is, is not so satisfactory as that which may be obtained by a scientific investigation into the literary and scientific structure of the poems—the knowledge, the errors, the philosophic ideas they contain, the entire inventory of the mental furniture which has been employed in the construction and adornment of these artistic creations.

Here, then, is our case—large, luminous, circumstantial—containing matter of fact in abundance, matter of reasonable inference in absolutely overwhelming profusion. We present it with an honest and fearless conviction of its cogency to the critics, as part of the general public. How do they receive it? In various ways, but, as a rule, with infinite and supercilious contempt; they ignore the arguments and then protest that they do not exist. Let me cull some of these malodorous flowers of literature. One portentously and phenomenally uncivil critic writes thus: “The idea of Lord Bacon having written Shakspeare’s plays can be entertained only by folk who know nothing of either writer, or are crackt, or who enjoy the paradox or joke. Poor Miss Delia Bacon, who started the notion, was no doubt then mad, as she was afterwards proved to be”; and then this strange human manifestation, with whom the habit of scornful denunciation is quite an amusing eccentricity, proceeds to vilify individuals as “characteristic blind,” “colour blind,” “idiotic,” ending with, “The tomfoolery of it is infinite.”

Here is another specimen, from a man who has actually attained some literary eminence, who is supposed to be, and probably is, incapable of deliberate falsehood, and is accustomed to associate with gentlemen: “Not a single adherent of any weight has joined the Baconian party here. A few persons who believe that we are the Ten Tribes, and that Arthur Orton was Sir Roger Titchborne, and that Tennyson’s sister was the author of “*In Memoriam*”—people for

whom evidence does not exist, and who love paradox for its own sake—form the whole Baconian schism over here.”

This is in a letter sent to an American friend and published in an American journal. The best Christian charity that can be shown to a critic, whose style is so unsavoury, is to refrain from mentioning his name.

Other critics adopt a tone of weariness—a “don’t bother” sort of air—profess themselves fatigued with these stupidities. They are so busy with counting the weak and strong endings, the run-on-lines, the central pauses, the rhymed couplets, the unstopped lines, that they have no reserve of mental activity for our case. They can go into paroxysms of rapture over some humbug of a portrait, or over some trumpery ring, or wooden chair or stool, which can by any process of straining evidence or torturing facts be associated with their fetish; but when the relation between Shakespeare and the grandest intellect that ever illuminated literature—himself a contemporary, and the most interesting personality of his generation—when this is the problem to be discussed, our critics begin to yawn, and beg to be excused from taking interest in such unprofitable discussions. It really seems as if the Sweet Swan of Avon had by some Circean witchcraft transformed his followers into geese.

Other advocates for William Shakspeare make up for the poverty of their arguments by the hardihood of their assertions. One of the most recent, Mr. Rolfe, says of the Baconian case: “The theory is literally a baseless one,” and he proceeds to the extraordinary claim that, “Every careful student or critic is inevitably forced to the conclusion that the works must have been written either by Shakspeare or by some man whose education and experiences were like his,” which is exactly the conclusion that no “careful student or critic” can possibly admit, and which even good Shakespearean scholars—such as Knight and Grant White—are forced to abandon. Thus the very anomalies which have proved stumbling-blocks to critics, who had no reason for minimizing them, are boldly assumed not to exist when the consequences logically proceeding from them have to be confronted. Mr. Rolfe tells us, for instance, that “the facts concerning Shakspeare’s personal history that have come down to us are few indeed” (as a matter of fact, they are not so very few); “but they are important

and significant in the study of his works. His life is a key to much that would otherwise be perplexing in his writings." This is written in face of the fact that the profoundest Shakespearean critic, from the philosophical and physiological standpoint, who ever lived, Coleridge, in view of these same facts, is forced to explain, "What! are we to have miracles in sport? . . . Does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?" while Emerson and Hallam use language of the same import, and equally strong.

And, after all, what have they to show in support of their singular contention that Shakespeare's poems are illuminated and illustrated by Shakspeare's life? Absolutely nothing! There is not a single passage in the poetry that becomes more interesting or more clear by reference to anything known about the Stratford playwright. Professor Dowden has written a thoughtful and suggestive book on the "Mind and Art of Shakspeare," showing the noble personal qualities that are dimly reflected in the plays. All he says is beautiful and interesting so long as William Shakspeare is kept at a distance—so long as we follow Ben Jonson's sly suggestion and "look not on his picture, but his book." But as soon as the Warwickshire rustic is admitted, the dignity and *vraisemblance* of the argument vanishes—the whole matter becomes, in Baconian language, "preposterous," grotesque, and topsy-turvy. For instance, here is an eloquent and weighty passage:—

"If Shakspeare had died at the age of 40, it might have been said, 'the world has lost much, but the world's chief poet could not have created anything more wonderful than *Hamlet*.' But after *Hamlet* came *King Lear*. *Hamlet* was in fact only the point of departure in Shakspeare's immense and final sweep of mind—that in which he endeavoured to include and comprehend life for the first time adequately. Through *Hamlet*, perhaps also through events in the poet's personal history, which tested his will as *Hamlet*'s was tested, Shakspeare had been reached and touched by the shadow of some of the deep mysteries of human existence. Somehow [note this *somehow*] a relation between his soul and the dark and terrible forces of the world was established, and to escape from a thorough investigation and sounding of the depths of life was no longer possible." True! most true! and if we go to Bacon's life to find out what were

these stern facts which reached and touched his soul and forced him to include and comprehend the deepest mysteries of existence, we shall find the events which cast those deep shadows in the plays. For about this time—between 1600 and 1604—the terrible tragedy of Essex's fall tested and tortured his spirit. For twenty years he had been a struggling disappointed man, his transcendent powers neglected or put to ignoble drudgery, forced to battle with sordid cares and envious obstruction. He had lost his only brother Anthony, his second self, his "comfort," as he pathetically calls him, the one man in the whole world who understood and valued him aright. His mother, after years of mental and physical decay, had died, her splendid faculties having been long clouded and distorted by madness. His dearest hopes connected with that philosophic reformation which was nearest his heart seemed to be removed from their fruition by inaccessible distance; his great nature fretted in solitude against the barriers and limitations which seemed to baffle its most cherished aspirations.

Here we see the agony and conflict which Professor Dowden so eloquently describes, here is the cry of anguish which is echoed in Hamlet's strife with destiny, and in Lear's wild wail of unutterable pain. If Professor Dowden had been able to search in this direction for the original of the portrait which he draws of the mind and art of Shakspeare, how would his deepest speculations have been more than justified! What new and profound and precious comments would he have made if he could have brought his glorious guesses into this historic environment! It is almost shocking, it is inexpressibly humiliating, to see his attempts to establish a *rapproch* for them with the vulgar, hollow mask of a life which is all that research can possibly find in the Stratford personality—a shrunken, sordid soul, fattening on beer and coin, and finding sweetness and content in the *stercorarium* of his Stratford homestead. Professor Dowden does not apparently shrink from this desperate approximation, and here is the result: "Shakspeare had by this time mastered the world from a practical point of view. He was a prosperous and wealthy man." Here is the issue of these glorious guesses, only this, and nothing more! Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion! "Sounding the depths of life," "including and comprehending" its hardest problems,

means only filling his pockets with gold,—“Mastering the world from a practical point of view,” simply means making his fortune and retiring to the inglorious obscurity of Stratford. He “somehow” encounters the dark and terrible forces of the world, and the result is seen in the bulging of his breeches’ pocket, and remunerative transactions in malt and money-lending. It is indeed difficult to understand how a thoughtful writer can thus endure such intellectual contortions, how he can willingly undergo the throes and agonies of parturient and mountainous thought, and then give birth to this feeble, and funny, and most ridiculous mouse. And yet forsooth Mr. Rolfe can calmly assure us that Shakspeare’s life is a key to his writings! Such a preposterous assertion needs no further comment from me; its absurdity is “gross as a mountain—open, palpable,” and this is the happy hunting-ground of Shakespearean criticism, and the justification of their silly scorn of the Baconian theory.

THE SONNETS.

“My love, in this allegory, is always understood of this study (philosophy), which is the application of the mind to that thing of which it is enamoured. . . . By love, I mean the study I underwent in order to win the love of this lady. . . . This love produces wondrous beauty. . . . O during how many nights, when the eyes of others were reposing in sleep, were mine contemplating the habitation of my love.”—(Dante, Convito ii. 16, iii. 1, 12, 13.)

MANY theories have in recent times been put forward concerning the origin and purport of the Shakespeare Sonnets which appeared in MS. and in a detached form in print in 1598 and 1599, but which were not published collectively until 1609. Some of them have been attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, others to the Earls of Leicester and Essex. Some are claimed as compliments to Queen Elizabeth, and to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and certain Shakespearean critics taking the lowest and most material views of these exquisite pieces, have concluded that “poems so intensely and evidently autobiographic and self-revealing, poems so one with the spirit and inner meaning of Shakspeare’s life and growth, can be no other than they are the records of his own loves and fears.” This

writer proceeds with an endeavour to fit the Sonnets to some base and discreditable episodes in the life of William Shakspeare, the result being an interpretation the most repulsive, if not the least plausible, of all.

But possible or probable as may be some of these guesses at truth, they are but guesses, and in no degree adequate or conclusive; and seeing that opinions on the authorship and intention of the Sonnets are so many and diverse, it cannot be taken amiss if I submit to the consideration of readers an entirely different system of interpretation which appears (to my own mind, of course) to afford a more comprehensive and satisfactory solution of the difficulties surrounding this question. In order to economise space, I ask the reader to place beside him during the perusal of this brief argument a copy of the Shakespeare Sonnets in question.

I take leave to begin at the end, and to state my belief that (with perhaps a few exceptions), *these Sonnets were not written to any living person*. Some may have been, and probably were, utilised as complimentary tributes to individuals on occasions which they suited, and for which their very vagueness would render their application the easier. But such, I say, was not their sole or true drift and intention. What, then, are they? I think they are ambiguous, or double-meaning. Truly, they are an Epithalamium, or bridal song, in praise of the union or wedding of truth and beauty, or, if you will, of art and nature, philosophy and poetry, mind and spirit, of things material and things celestial, that "mingling earth with heaven" at which Bacon ever aimed, in all that he did, wrote, or attempted.

Describing the "doctrine of purifying the human understanding," he says:—"The explanation of which things . . . is as the *strewing and decoration of the bridal-chamber of the mind of the universe*, the Divine goodness assisting; *out of which marriage*, let us hope (*and this be the prayer of the Bridal Song*) there may spring some helps to man, and *a line and race of new inventions*. . . . I have established for ever a true and lawful marriage between the empirical and the rational faculty.*

* NOV. ORG. PLAN.—Students should not fail to read the learned and interesting chapters (ii.—iv.) on the Sonnets in Mr. Wigston's "New Study of

Further on he sums up the "impediments to the marriage" between mind and matter, nature and art, recapitulated in *Valerius Terminus*. He himself suffered under these impediments, and he often had reason to doubt if he should live to see the fruit of his labours, yet his sanguine, unselfish spirit, as often rose superior to despondency, and to the poor ambition which seeks only its own glorification, and these hopes, fears, and conviction of final success bringing substantial good to man in the future ages, are all seen reflected in the Sonnets.

Read Sonnet 116, beginning:—

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments,"

and recognise the constancy, the fixed purpose which his secretary, Dr. Rawley, says was in Bacon from childhood—"the ever-fixed mark" of his life, unalterable to his dying day. True, that the union between Truth and Beauty had not previously, or always, existed:—

"I grant thou wert not married to my Muse."—*Sonnet 82*.

He even fears that he may not be held worthy to become the exponent of Truth:—

"I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen."—*Sonnet 79*.

His heart faints, and his tongue is tied when he attempts to praise Truth duly, knowing that another spirit doth use Her Name (*Sonnet 79, 80*). To whom does the Poet allude? Not to a contemporary, because he shows (83):

"How far a *modern quill* doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow."

Probably (though I must not stop to discuss it here) Dante was the poet of a previous age, to whom the sonneteer turned his thoughts, and in studying the "*Divine Comedy*," Bacon had come to the same conclusion with regard to its inner meaning, as that now proposed

Shakespeare" (Trubner, 1884). Here the Platonic origin of these pieces is discussed in such a manner as to assimilate perfectly with the general ideas expressed above. Yet Mr. Wigston's book was unknown to the present writer when this paper was penned in 1884. See also Mr. Wigston's "*Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians*." chap. xii. (1888).

with regard to the Sonnets. He saw in it a great parable of the "Contraries of Good and Evil," and of the mingling of Earth with Heaven. "Beatrice," the Blessing Bringer,* was no mere earthly mistress, or adored friend of the Poet; she was, like Francis Bacon's "Sovereign Mistress," like the glorious lady, the fair and golden-haired virgin—the "*Euterpe*" of the Rosicrucian parables—none other but the spirit of wisdom and truth, "More precious than rubies. All the things thou desirest are not to be compared with her. Exalt her, she shall promote thee, a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee." The "Book of Wisdom" and the "Song" of Solomon are elaborations of these figures—the realisation of Divine truth or wisdom and of her surpassing loveliness.

There is a piece entitled the "*Praise of the Queen*," or, "Mr. Bacon in Praise of his Sovereign," which was specially willed by Bacon to be published after his death. It is, we believe, another of his ambiguous or parabolic compositions, and to be interpreted precisely in the same way as the Sonnets. Ostensibly a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, it is really a speech in praise of the Queen of his heart, the *Sovereign* whom he served with the devotion of a slave or a vassal—The Crowned Truth (57, 58).

In this "*Praise of the Queen*," where he again treats of the *impediments* to learning, he says:—"These, and the like, have been the things which have forbidden the *happy match* between the mind of man and the nature of things, and, in place thereof, *married* it to vain notions and blind experiments. And what the posterity and issue of so honourable a match may be, it is not hard to consider." Elsewhere he rejoices over the faculties and studies which "render the human mind a match for things and nature," predicting that "If any of the multitude *out of honest affection court science, they would not fail to win her*" (*Nov. Org.* i. 19, 81, and *Comp. Sonnet* 118).

The Lady Truth is ever fair and young. Time cannot change, nor custom stale her infinite variety. Devouring Time can do her no wrong. Ever shall she live young and lovely in the Poet's verse

* The above was written many years ago, but the attention of the author has been directed to an article in "Notes and Queries," February 15th, 1890, by Mr. Charles Tomlinson, who follows the same line of argument.

(*Sonnet* 19, 96, 104). Fresh, sweet, radiant with light, and wearing the crown of sovereignty, we may see running through the whole of the Baconian or Rosicrucian writings the praise of this one object of Bacon's affections, whom he "would woo and wed," and from whom he never would be parted (*De Aug. vii. 1, Int. Nat.*).

And who then was the "Dark Woman" of the Sonnets to whom such unpleasant Shakesperean legends have been attached?

I conceive her to be the "False Philosophy," described by Bacon as tricked up with artificial allurements, beguiling and destroying the dupes who follow her beck and listen to her siren voice. This False Philosophy he compares to a "courtesan" or a "harlot."

"The footsteps of seducement are the very same in divine and human Truth. Knowledge that tendeth but to satisfaction is but a courtesan, which is for pleasure, and not for fruit or generation." And again: "Men fell to glossing and discoursing of causes, which is the reason why the learning that now is *hath the curse of barrenness, and is courtesan-like, and not for fruit*," the fable of Scylla being used as "a lively emblem" of this learning without Truth.

Bacon frequently warns his disciples against wasting time and strength upon objects unworthy of the sacrifice. He tells them in his exposition of the Fable of Bacchus that, in so doing, they are paying court to *things cast off*, things which many men in all times have tried, and, upon trial, rejected with disgust.

But "From fairest creatures we desire increase" (*Sonnet* 1), and from the union of Truth and Beauty, what wondrous progeny, "heirs of invention," "children of the brain"—may there not be born to delight the soul of the world? Bacon speaks of the beginnings of things as "conceptions," infant efforts, which his friends had seen in "swaddling" clothes, and which they had helped "to make go." He applies the figure in many ways:—

"Experience, when in childhood, will call every philosophy, Mother"; "Discussion is the child of Reason"; "Wonder, the child of Rarity." Philosophy had her "Father," her "first Parent," in the wisdom of the ancients, "from whom later writers all inherited, and our own descendants should continue the line." "The Fathers of Sciences should be handsomely maintained, or the poor keeping of the parents will be seen in the weakness of the children." "*The*

Muses are," he frequently repeats, "*barren virgins*," an astounding statement, surely, to be published in 1623, yet it remained unchallenged by his contemporaries, and modern critics seem studiously to avoid confronting the difficulties involved either in accepting it or in trying to explain it away.

The Sonnets show that the Poet was "concealed," writing under a disguise:

"Keeping invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed."—(76).

Doubtless to his own circle, his secret society, the weed *was* noted, since every line breathes with his "new-found methods" and with the aspirations of his "heroical love." We know how often he repeats that his thoughts are "borrowed," that he culls them from many gardens, and ties them together with a thread of his own; that all truths are linked together, and inseparable; that axioms (and we add, metaphors), to be true, must be "drawn from the centre of the sciences. This is why his verse is "barren of new pride," "so far from variation or quick change," that he does not glance aside after novelty, but writes "all one, ever the same."

So long as he remained faithful to his first love, she, like Ariel, would "come with a thought," when he invoked her aid, and whatsoever he wrote, she still should be "his argument."

In Sonnets 1—25 the Poet *seems* to urge some brilliant and noble youth to produce works for the benefit of posterity. Was it his young friend William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, whom he thus lovingly constrained and assimilated with the idea that he should be the begetter of Truth? I agree with those who identify this young man with the Mr. W. H., "the onely begetter" of the Sonnets. He was rich, and perhaps may have undertaken the cost of their publication. His sweetness and somewhat feminine fairness—

"A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,"—(Sonnet 20).

his strong resemblance to his beautiful mother, "Sydney's sister"—

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime,"—(Sonnet 3).

the reluctance to marriage which is said to have raised fears lest he

should die without an heir, all these things incline one to think that, *superficially*, the first twenty Sonnets may have passed about as tributes (after the fashion of the time) to this handsome and accomplished youth whom Bacon was influencing to join in his schemes for the revival of learning.

"Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
 Pity the world."—(*Sonnet 1*).

The Poet urges the selfishness of being content to live in the possession of all good gifts, without trying to impart or to multiply and bequeath them to posterity. The text of *Sonnet 4* may be found in Bacon's *Essay of Riches*—

"Riches are for spending, and spending for honour and good works,"

and the exhortation to *increase and multiply* for the benefit of posterity, as Bacon himself was carefully providing that his own "heirs" and "sons of science" should multiply and endure ("*not for an age, but for all time*") is a motive which seems to inspire many of the Sonnets, but especially the first twenty, where the wealth of invention and the variety of figures brought in to illustrate the theme gives cause for admiration at each fresh reading.

In almost every line, certainly in every Sonnet, there is something to remind us of Francis Bacon and of the great and "fixed notions" which, according to Dr. Rawley, were with him in early boyhood, and which accompanied and encouraged him through life. For instance, that man is a map, a microcosm, the whole great world in little (68); that thoughts are children of the brain, or, as he says elsewhere, "young conceptions" (*Ant. Cl. ii. 7*); "the son of somewhat" (*Promus* 1412); and that knowledge is the wing by which we fly to heaven (*ib.*); diseases of the mind as of the body are curable by proper medicines and treatment (109, &c.). All men are compounded of the same clay, yet some clay differs from other in value and dignity. In the philosophical works he says that *man is the most compounded of all bodies*, and Falstaff is made to repeat the observation: this "compounded man, clay." The idea is frequently repeated in other places, as may always be expected when a *Promus* note records it, or contains the embryo (see *Promus* 72, 6, 8).

Sonnets 135 and 136 are particularly interesting, because it has

been argued that in them Shakespeare plainly declares himself by name: "*For my name is Will.*" Now, although it is quite possible that there may be here one of those punning jests to which Francis Bacon was so much addicted, and which Ben Jonson says that he never could pass by, we must yet remember that "Will," or "Willy," was a nickname for rhymesters in general; consequently the poor little joke supposed need not refer to the proper name of any particular poet.

But next, there is in the *Promus* an entry which seems to explain the allusions in these Sonnets, and to show that the original idea, *quibble included*, was taken from a book called "*Heywood's Epigrams*," a curious collection of proverbs and cant sayings, thrown into doggerel rhyme (perhaps by Francis himself in very early days) and of which nearly 200 reappear amongst the *Promus* notes.

In the *Promus* the proverb stands thus, "He would rather have his Will than his wish." In the "Epigrams" the play upon the word "Will" is combined with a rough version of the proverb—

"Will is a good sonne, and Will is a shrewde boy,
And wilful shrewde Will hath won thee this toy."

Coming to the Sonnets, we find both the motto and the conceit which it suggests reproduced, but at the same time improved, twisted into new and ingenious shapes, bent to fresh purposes, and conjured into poetry (see *Sonnets* 135, 136).

I submit that these Sonnets point to Bacon's cogitations and conclusions as to the *will* of man, and its powers in directing and supporting the mind or intellect—considerations which engaged his mind from boyhood when he seems to have adopted for his motto the text, *all is possible to him who believes*, and when a number of notes show him drawing from this pregnant thought the conclusion that by the help of God's Holy Spirit the mind of man is capable of carrying out all that it desires and believes to be possible. But the will to do (or art) must be married to knowledge (or truth) if any good thing is to be produced for the use of man; for "the doctrine concerning the intellect and the doctrine concerning the *will* of man are," he says, "as it were twins by birth. For purity of illumination and freedom of will began and fell together; and

nowhere in the universal nature of things is there so intimate a sympathy as between truth and goodness " (*Adv. L. v. 1*).

Presently he discourses of "Moral Knowledge, which respects and considers the Will of Man." "The Will is governed by Right Reason, *seduced by Apparent Good*, having for its spurs the passions, for its ministers the organs and voluntary motions; wherefore Solomon says: '*Above all things, keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.*'"

Everywhere he argues, that the *Knowledge* of Good is useless, except it be coupled with the *Will* to do good. Reason itself may be blinded by an ungovernable Will, misleading the Imagination. Learned men may be, "in Knowledge as the winged angels (comp. Son. 78), but in desire, or Will, as crawling serpents; carrying with them minds, like a mirror indeed, but a *mirror polluted and false*." The cultivation and training of the Intellect has, he considers, been much neglected. "The reason of this neglect I suppose to be that hidden rock whereupon both this, and so many other barks of knowledge have foundered; which is, that men have despised . . . common matters, and have tried rather to display their own genius, than benefit the readers; . . . for writings should be such as should make men in love with the lesson, and not with the teacher."

In these passages on the Will and the Intellect, four metaphors strike attention: (1) Of Blindness; (2) of a false Mirror; (3) of a Vessel foundered on a Rock; (4) of a Man in Love with the wrong Person. And so in the Sonnets.

Twice the *Blindness* of the Intellect and of the Affections is alluded to. "Thy blind soul" (136), "Thou blind fool, Love" (137). And we must not forget that as *the Will* is said by Bacon to be ruled by the Intellect, *to good ends*, so also it is capable of being misled by the Passions or the Imagination, being thus made *blind and foolish*.

The Glass, true or false, is spoken of in three Sonnets (3, 22, 62); and instead of the image in the prose, of a false reflection by a polluted mirror, the delusions of the mind are thus figured:—

"Mine eyes seeing this say, This is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face."—(Son. 137.)

Again, instead of the image in the prose, of a Vessel foundering upon a Rock, Son. 137 gives us a Ship riding at anchor in a bay; and

whereas in the former we are told that men should be in love with the lesson rather than with the teacher, the poetry puts the matter more prosaically:—

“In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this *false plague* are they now transferred.”

“*Right Reason*” is here shown “*seduced by Apparent Good*.” Observe in passing, that Bacon frequently assumes or argues that a man’s *Will*, and his *Imagination*, are practically one and the same; and although at first sight the connection may not be clear, it becomes so as we endeavour to follow the Philosopher’s train of thought. Let us turn to another very Baconian idea which crops up in these Sonnets.

“That Natural History which constitutes a solid and eternal basis of true and active philosophy it is, which gives the first spark to the pure and real light of nature; and whose *Genius being neglected, and not propitiated, has caused us to be visited, most unhappily, by that host of Spectres, and Kingdom of Shadows, which we see flitting about amongst the philosophies, afflicting them with barrenness. Relying on the divine assistance, I have upheld my mind . . . against the Phantoms flitting about on every side. . . . I eject, repress, and as it were, exorcise every kind of Phantom.*” *

“Phantoms, and false images in concrete substances, come before us in disguise. . . . Most men will think I am digging up the remains of old questions long since dead and buried, and, in a manner, raising their Ghost.” †

These metaphors of the Ghosts, Phantoms, or Spectres of Delusion, haunting the Poet-philosopher, inclining him to take untrue views of the writings of others, and afflicting his own Muse with *Barrenness*, are reproduced in Son. 86, where the poet laments that his own conceptions have been “enfeebled” and “inhearsed in his brain” by the grand verse of another Poet. Whoever this may be, it seems as if the “affable, familiar Ghost” here spoken of, who, whilst he nightly burns the midnight lamp, “gulls him with intelligence,” can be no other than one of those “fantasms,” or “false images of things,” by which the mind is beset or occupied, and which are either adventitious or innate.” The figure is familiar with Bacon, and these

* Great Instauration, Pref. and Plan. † Intellectual Globe, Introduction.

sentences might not strike the reader as remarkable, were it not for the coupling together of the two dissimilar ideas of *Phantoms* and *Barren Works*, as we find them coupled in the Sonnet.

There are lines which seem to suggest that the Poet was at this time "filling," or filling up, the lines of some of the finest classical authors, and that he felt how few touches were required to make the old poetry perfect, and superior to his own. At any rate, I think that he was, in these Sonnets (as in many other parts of his works), drawing mental comparisons

"Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or *since did from their ashes come.*"

In this last line we again see the allusion to the Phoenix rising from its own ashes—the perpetual Revival of Learning—the "New Birth of Time."

From this New Birth he looked for great things; for the Present Age is, he says, *the true Antiquity*, and it should be older in wisdom and learning than the younger ages of the world which men call antiquity, and to which he considered that too much homage was paid. This undue reverence for remote Antiquity was one of many "Idols" or delusions which Bacon endeavoured to get rid of, in order to make way for the New Philosophy which he felt it his mission to promulgate. "*Antiquity*" must be "*for aye a page*" (Son. 108); not merely a servant, but a *young* servant, a page to Modern Philosophy. Mathematics and Logic, he said, were "the Handmaids" of Physical Science; Moral Philosophy, a "Servant and Handmaid" of Divinity; the Mind and Body, "Servants" to the immortal soul. But Antiquity he considered as a child, unwisely brought forward on all occasions, and treated as an authority, when he should respectfully give place to his betters, *the truly learned of this elder age*.

Throughout, the Sonnets seem to reveal the Philosopher's internal struggles, his despondency on account of the impediments placed in the way of Advancement to Learning, even by the supposed Learned.

"Right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength, by limping sway disabled,
And Art made tongue-tied by Authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And Simple Truth miscalled Simplicity,
And captive Good attending Captain Ill:
Tired with all these, from these I would be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone."—(Son. 66.)

Several other Sonnets reflect the depression of mind, "the clouds and melancholy" to which the usually buoyant spirit of the writer at times gave way. On such occasions the lines echo with regard to his first love, his Sovereign Lady, Truth, the sentiments, and sometimes the words, used with regard to Queen Elizabeth, in his letters to private friends at about the same period. Thus, when the long hoped for appointment to the place of Solicitor-General had been given to Flemming, and himself again passed over, he fell into a state of despondency, and desired to renounce the Court and the Law, and betake himself to "Studies." He tells his cousin, Sir Robert Cecil, that, "upon her Majesty rejecting me with such circumstance, though my heart might be good, yet *mine eyes would be sore, that I should take no pleasure to look upon my friends; for I was not an impudent man that could face out a disgrace*; and that I hoped her Majesty would not be offended, if, *not being able to endure the sun*, I fled into the shade." This he repeats to the Earl of Essex, adding that having "now these twenty years, made her Majesty's service the scope of my life, I shall never find a greater grief than *this reliquere amorem primum*," and he hopes "that her Majesty will of her clemency, yea, and justice, pardon me, and not force me to pine here in melancholy."

All hopes of the carrying out of his great schemes for the benefit of Humanity, depended primarily upon his own advancement. Without money, position, or helpers, what could one solitary individual expect to accomplish? This is why he so ardently desired the favours of fortune and "men's eyes"; to be "with friends possessed," and "rich in hope." The interweaving of the two ideas, of devotion to Elizabeth (the very name meaning Light or Truth), and to Truth, both of whom were, in a sense, *the first Love whom he cannot relinquish*, is seen when we compare such passages as that above, with Sonnets such as the 29th, where he says that

". . . in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes;
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate," &c.

Or where (as in Son. 33 and 34) he describes Truth as the Sun, "flattering the mountain-tops with sovereign eye," but then, *withdrawn from view*, overcast by "base clouds," "rotten smoke." In

the latter, the Sun is represented as too powerful for the Poet, who *withdraws himself into the shade.*" (Compare Son. 25, 29, 33, 34, 48, 57, 58, and 98.)

It has pleased antipathetic writers (or those who have deeper motives for wishing to conceal his true character) to represent Francis Bacon as a cold, selfish, money-loving, calculating man, always ready to cringe before, and flatter, those from whom he might anticipate any advantage. I trust that the present age will reconsider this verdict, absolutely blind and mistaken as I believe it to be. Whenever we try to follow his "nimble thought, which jumps both sea and land," and "leaps large lengths of miles," in pursuit of his dear Lady, we find her name to be neither Wealth, nor Greatness, nor Fame, but *Truth*.

And so throughout these verses (composed, I think, at different periods, and sometimes fitted to various circumstances), we trace the great Baconian Plan for the Revival of Learning, for the Husbandry of the then Barren Fields of Learning; for the Rebuilding of the House of Wisdom, sadly fallen into decay.

We may see the Great Builder looking forward with anxiety, yet with hope, to the help which as time rolled on, would be derivable from the Heirs of his own Invention, as well as from his Sons of Science, the devoted members of his Secret Society, the handers-on of the Lamp.

In the Foundations which he was preparing, he "laid great bases for Eternity," resolved that his Building should be imperishable as the crownéd Truth herself; a Palace wherein she shall dwell, and reign, so long as the world endure. (See Son. 12, 13, 19, 55, 60, 63-5, 119, 123, 124. But neither here nor elsewhere do I pretend to make this brief paper exhaustive.)

In the "*Device of Philautia*" the Hermit (Bacon himself?) is made to say :—

"The Monuments of Wit survive the Monuments of Power : the Verses of the Poet endure without one syllable lost, while States and Empires pass many periods."

In the "*Advancement of Learning*," this is much expanded :—

"We see then, how far the Monuments of Wit and Learning are

more durable than the Monuments of Power, or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued 2,500 years, or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter; during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have decayed and been demolished? . . . but the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others."

The connection in Bacon's mind, between Works in Life, and Monuments in Death, is frequently seen in his own works acknowledged and unacknowledged. The "Second Counsellor," in another device, which he wrote for the "Gray's Inn Revels" (1594) commends to the Prince "four principal works or monuments of yourself." The works, briefly enumerated, are a perfect Library, a Garden (botanical and zoological); a Museum of Natural History, a Laboratory—"such as may be a Palace fit for a Philosopher's stone. After these have been duly described (much as in the *New Atlantis*), the "Third Counsellor" delivers himself, and shows that "the builders of the Tower of Babel sought to cure mortality by fame," an immoderate desire which was a sin, and punished in kind. By their behaviour, and that of others "that mistrusted any way to fame than this only of Works, and Monuments," they taught a lesson—and yet, "in some respects," concludes the speaker, "they had reason, but I do not. excellent Prince, restrain my speeches to dead buildings only, but intend it to other foundations, institutions, and creations." We see what he is driving at; again it is the building up of his new Solomon's house, or in other words, the restitution of Learning on a firm foundation.

Thus each Counsellor by turns, urges the Prince to take in hand "to make himself a sumptuous and stately tomb," *not*, we readily perceive, of Brass or Stone, but of Works, fit for the use of man. See how absolutely these ideas are reproduced in the Sonnets, which tell us that,

"Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;

neither "Brass nor stone" shall be truth's "Monument," but *the Poet's verse*—destined to out-stay them all (see Son. 55, 64, 65, 81, 107).

METAPHORS AND SIMILES.

There are in the Sonnets upwards of 770 Figures, Metaphors, and Similes, or an average of five to each Sonnet. Space cannot here be afforded for a list of these, which anyone can pick out for himself. Baconians will find that they harmonise absolutely with Bacon's scientific observations, and with his use of the same as figures in his speeches and prose writings. It may also be noted how many Rosicrucian, or perhaps it will be said, Freemason symbols are here introduced. The *Sun*, for instance, the emblem of Light and Truth, rising behind the mountains (of knowledge), bringing day after night, brightness and new life after darkness and the deadness of Ignorance. Vivifying the world; clouds are scattered; the *lark*, herald of the morn, rises from the sullen earth, to sing hymns at Heaven's Gate (Earth and Heaven mingled). *Spring* comes with Her Flowers to welcome the new birth of the World; Love of Nature and Humanity is the *Babe*, the *Cupid*, who is to bring about the regeneration for which the Poet labours. Truth is his *Rose*; Time, with his *Hour-glass* and his *Scythe* or his *Sickle*, shall do her no wrong, but shall help to reap the corn and bind the *Sheaves* for future ages. We have to look no farther than the title-pages and stamps or vignettes of the old and the modern Freemason printers or publishers, to see the emblems in question, together with stringed instruments to remind us of *Orpheus* and his universal harmony. The *Pyramids* which seem to defy time, yet which the poetry will out-live; the *Phoenix*, the *Olives* of Peace, the *buds*, *acorns*, or "weak beginnings" which should develop into the *Bloom* and *Fruit* of Philosophy and true knowledge—the *Ships*, "Proud Sail" and "Saucy Bark" which shall venture on the Seas of Knowledge and return freighted with treasure—and so forth. For the present let us be content to note the groups which, though used, as *Bacon uses all natural objects and phenoma*, symbolically, and figuratively, yet show, through the veil of poetry, peeps of the life and studies of the "myriad-minded" Philosopher. No poorer pen could have utilised such materials.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1, 3, 5, 15, 18, 21, 25, 37, 95, 97, 99, 104. Hus- | 1, 6, 12, 54, 60, 81, 146. Perfection, Decay, |
| bandry, Gardening, Flowers, Effect of | Revival |
| Winds, Grafting, &c. | 35, 54, 70. Canker |
| 5, 6, 54, 69. Distillation, Perfumes | 5, 6, 12, 18, 97, 98, 104. The Seasons |

14, 15, 26. Astromy (Astrology)	114. Of Monsters
114. Alchemy	34, 66, 111, 118-9, 120, 147. Medicine, Diet,
18, 90, 107. Meteorology	Poison
60. Ebb and Flow of the Sea	67, 68, 83. Cosmetics, Painting, False Hair
146. Gravitation (Earth's Centre)	82. Music, Counter-point
45. Of Dense and Rare	82. Rhetoric
44, 59. Of Body and Mind	15, 23. The Theatre
50, 51. The Imagination (Pegasus)	19, 63. Age, Time—Their effects
144. Of Angels	

LEGAL TERMS.

Besides these, observe throughout the verses how *Law Terms* prevail; terms familiar as household words in the mouth of the Poet, at the period (1592—1608), assigned as the date of these Sonnets. Such terms are:—

Accessory	Exchequer	Question made
Adverse party	Extant	Quietus
Advocate	Fee	Ransom
Appeal	Forfeit	Records
Arrest without Bail	Foresworn	Register
Attaint	Gaol	Release
Audit called	Grants	Rents
Bail	Heinous	Resurvey
Bankrupt	Impannelled	Revenues
Bar (legal prohibition)	Inheritors of Excess	Rigour in Gaol
Bequest	Interchange of State	Scope
Bonds determinate	Interim	Sessions
Cancelled	Judgments	Sole effect
Cause (No)	Lawful Plea	Statute, <i>i.e.</i> , Security
Censures	Lawful Reasons	Strength of Law
Charges	Lease of time	Successive heir
Charter of worth grants release	Lease of true Love	Sue
Dates	Misprision	Suit
Dateless	Moiety	Sum my Count
Debate	Mortgage	Surety-like
Debtor	Obsequious	Tenants
Deed of Separation	O'erpressed defence	Tenor
Defendant	Particulars	Title
Defence	Patents	Usher
Determinate (of bonds)	Perjured	Usury
Due	Pleadings, Pleas	Vassalage
Engrossed	Presagers	Verdict
Estimate	Proving Succession, &c.	Ward
Executor	Purchased Right	Warrantise
	Quest	Witness

Still more striking is the legal element when (as in Son. 133, 134), several such terms are strung together in verse, and where the omission of a couple of adjectives is sufficient to turn the poetry into prose. As where the Poet Q C. declares that it would be a "most heinous

crime, should Beauty, *held in lease, find no determination*” (13), or should the subject of the verse “spend Beauty’s legacy upon himself; Nature bequest gives nothing, but doth lend.” Again we read :—

“My heart doth plead . . . and the defendant doth that plea deny. To decide this title is impannelled a quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart; and by their verdict is determined the . . . eyes moiety and . . . the heart’s part.”

Bacon, summing up his Plan and Method for allying Natural to Artificial Philosophy, thus concludes the *Parasceve*, and shows the underlying meaning of the Sonnets. “In other words, I mean (according to the practice in civil causes) *in this great Plea or Suit, granted by the divine favour and providence, whereby the Human Race seeks to recover its right over Nature) to examine Nature herself and the arts upon interrogatories.*”

ANTITHETA.

In all Bacon’s writings there are to be noted not only the similitudes, but the *contraries*, those Antitheta, or opposite figures of things, which he noted as *deficient* in the writings of his time, and of which he gives examples both in the *Promus* notes and in the *Advancement of Learning*. Baconians will not fail to recognise these Antitheta as peculiarly characteristic of his works; they constitute not so much a point of style as a part of his “method”—of his truly philosophic habit of weighing and considering every side of a question. To the following are appended the numbers of the Sonnets where they occur :—

1. Famine, abundance	19. Old, young	37. Father, child
2, 27, 68, &c. New, old	21. Strong, weak	37, 53. Shadow, substance
2. Warm, cold	23, 85. Eloquent, dumb	37. Poverty, abundance
3. Spend, lend	26. Apparellled, bare	42, 88, 119. Loss, gain
3. Niggard, largess	27. Mind, body	44. Present, absent
5. Fair, unfair	27, 43, 100. Dark, light	45, 50. Joy, sadness
5, 6. Summer, winter	27. Ghastly, beauteous	45. Comfort, grief
7. Use, usury	29. Earth, heaven	45. Jewels, trifles
9. Used, unused	30. Loss, restoration	50. Onward, behind
10, 40, 155, &c. Love, hate	31. Grave, life	50. Swift, slow
11. Wane, grow	34. Heal, uncured	59. Second, former
11, 66. Wisdom, folly, &c.	35. Roses, thorns	61. Watch, wake
12. White, black	35. Fountains, mud	61. Far, near
12, 15, 28, 43, 100, &c. Day, night	35. Cloud, moonlight	62, 63. Youth, age
15. Height, decrease	35. Eclipse, sun	64. Store, loss
16. Give, keep	35, 39, 94. Sweet, sour	65. Blackly, bright
	36, 39. Two, one	66, 119. Good, evil, &c.

69, 94. Flowers, weeds	112. Shame, praise	126. Wane, grow
79. Owe, pay	113. Rude, gentle	127, 131, 132. Black, fair
86. Tomb, womb	113. Well-favoured, de- formed	127, 137, 141, 152. Fair, foul
90. Wind, rain	115. Blunt, sharp	129, 145, 147. Heaven, hell
90. Night, morrow	118. Sweet, bitter	143. Follow, fly
96. Faults, graces	119. Ruined, re-built	144. Devil, angel
96. Lamb, wolf	119. Hope, fear	147. Fair, black
97, 98. Winter, spring	120. Unkind, friend	148. Fair, false
98. Lily, rose	121. Straight, bevelled	149. Frown, fawn
99. White, red	124, 128. Die, live	151. Noble, gross
103. Poor, rich	124. Lose, pay	151. Rise, fall
103. Cheap, dear	124. Fire, water	152. Truth, lie
110, 150. Worst, best	124. Compound, simple	153. Disease, cure
112, 114. Bad, good		154. Heat, cool

COMPOUND WORDS.

There are more than 70 of the *Compound words* which at one time Bacon so much affected; such are—

All-eating	False-speaking	Over-partial	Special-blest
All-triumphant	Fore-bemoaned	Over-pressed	Steep-up
All-the-world	Frantic-mad	Over-showed	Surety-like
All-too-near	Heart-inflaming	Pity-wanting	Swart-complexioned
All-too-precious	Ill-wresting	Present-absent	Sweet-seasoned
Altered-new	Long-since-cancelled	Proud-pied	Swift-footed
Black-fair	Love-kindling	Rich-proud	Time-bettering
Blessed-fair	Master-mistress	Right-true	Tongue-tied
Dear-doting	Never-resting	Self-doing	True-telling
Dear-purchased	New-fangled	Self-example	Uncertain-sickly
Doctor-like	New-found	Self-killed	Well-seeing
Double-vantage	Over-goes	Self-love	Wilful-slow
Ever-fixed	Over-green	Self-substantial	World-without-end, &c.

ALLITERATION.

Another youthful trick of Francis Bacon's was that which in *Love's Labour Lost* is called "affecting the letter"—as we now say, *Alliteration*. A musical ear was probably the original cause of this "affectation," which is rarely found in the later works, but it seems to be closely connected with his observations (recorded in the scientific works) on the effect and power of certain vowels and consonants. Sometimes two different alliterations run through the same sentence; sometimes compound words aid the effect.

Sonnet.

106. Blazon of sweet Beauty's Best
 12. Borne on the Bier with Bristly Beard
 15. Cheered and Checked
 21. Couplement of proud Compare
 28. Death Doth Daily Draw
 25. Famoused For Fight

Sonnet.

48. Greatest Grief
 98. Laughed and Leaped
 105. Let not my Love be called Idolatry
 18. So Long Lives This, and This gives
 Life to Thee
 26. Lord of my Love

Sonnet.

100. Love's sweet face survey
 113. My Most true Mind thus Maketh
 Mine untrue
 16. Pencil or Pupil Pen
 100. Rise, Resty Muse
 57. Sad Slave Stay
 73. Second Self
 15. Self-same Sky
 62. Self So Self-loving
 36. Separable Spite
 30. Sessions of Sweet, Silent Thought
 43. To Unseeing Eyes thy Shade
 Shines So

Sonnet.

32. Sin of Self-love possesseth
 36. Steal Sweet Hours from Loves
 71. Surly Sullen Bell
 75. Sweet-seasoned Showers
 38. Thou 'the Tenth Muse—Ten Times
 more in worth
 133. Torment Thrice Threefold Thus
 26. Which Wit . . . Wanting Words
 19, 137. Wide World
 97. Widowed Wombs
 9. Wet a Widow's Eye . . . the World
 Will Wail Thee . . . World Will be
 Thy Widow and still Weep

REPETITIONS.

And there are the *Repeated words*, which have been considered peculiar to the Shakespeare Plays, but which are equally to be found in Bacon's Prose:—

- | | |
|--|---|
| 37. Any of these, all, or all | 53. You like none, none you |
| 54. Thou art all my art, beauty beauteous | 17. In fresh numbers, number |
| 110. Correct, correction | 129. Proof proved |
| 37. What is best, that best I wish | 151. Proud of this pride |
| 43. Darkly bright are bright in dark | 25. Not remove nor be removed |
| 54. Fair, but fairer | 62. Self so self-loving |
| 105. Fair, kind, true (<i>rep. thrice</i>) | 43. Whose shadow's shadow doth make
bright |
| 21. Fair, with his fair | 43. Thy shadow's form, form happy show |
| 129. Had, having | 38. Thou the tenth muse, ten times more |
| 47. Hearts to heart's delight | 74. That is' this, and this with thee
remains |
| 40. Take all my loves, my love | 124. Better to be vile than vile-esteem'd ;
weeds among weeds, or flowers
with flowers gathered |
| 36. Thou being mine, mine is thy good | |
| 103. More, much more | |
| 132. Mourn, mourning | |
| 128. Thou my music, music pray'st | |

PROMUS NOTES.

Sonnet.	Promus.	Sonnet.	Promus.
1. Spare, bare ...	488	33. A Whit ...	508
1. Eat not thy heart ...	817	34. Cloak for the rain ...	655
3, 22, 62. A true glass ...	420	37. Desires for a Friend ...	1,255, a
4, 136. An Audit ...	737	38. I speak to praise ...	1,305
5, 49, 65, 123, 124 } Time flies ...	422	38. Good is praised ...	1,328
8, 128. Concords, Discords ...	86	39, 94. Vinegar of sweet wine	571, 910
10, 89, 124, 149 } Hate, Love ...	983	39. Praise in absence ...	1,465
11, 37, 91. The best things ...	1,265, 1,271, 1,320, 1,333	42, 59. Things conjunct ...	1,256, a
14, 25. Astrology ...	111	45. Fire, elemental, ethereal	1,295
15, 23. Stage of the world ...	884	46, 47, 114 } Eye, Gate of Love ...	1,137
17. Frenzied Post ...	1,027	141, 148 }	
21, 22, 24, 67. Please the Painter ...	159, 1,396	27, 48, 52, 65. Stones ...	89
25. Removing Remuant ...	1,422	52. Seldom, the better ...	472
27, 28, 109. Pilgrim Post ...	508, 1,191	57, 12. Clock ...	1,226
27, 28. Cannot be idle ...	1,222	58. A Beck ...	479
27, 28. Cannot sleep ...	1,223, 1,233	61. Too much ...	1,279, a
29. The Lark ...	1,212	63, 108. Time trieth Truth ...	966
		64. Plenty, Poverty ...	354
		67, 111. Infect ...	1,436
		69. Their due ...	341

<i>Sonnets.</i>		<i>Promus.</i>	<i>Sonnets.</i>		<i>Promus.</i>
69.	Good Indisputants	... 1,258	105.	Thrice fair...	... 197, a
69.	Good in enemies' opinion	1,328-9	106, 107.	Prophecy, prophetic soul	256, 554, 845
70.	Appease envy—quit virtue	34	107.	Playing at Prophets	... 634
70, 84.	No craving for praise	... 416	107.	Certainty, uncertainty	... 1,527
71.	All made of stuff—clay	459, 727	108.	Antiquity not supreme	33, 211, 1,268
71, 72.	Well to forget	... 114, 1,232	109.	Water to cleanse...	... 859
71, 72, 11.	Loved when dead...	... 60	111, 114.	} Drench, Potion, Infect	... 1,436
72.	Reward of merit	160, 161, 1,260	118, 119.		
73.	Leaf shall not wither	... 1,156	110.	Best of all	... 314
73.	Twilight	... 1,420	111, 120.	Medicine to the mind	... 1,241
74.	Arrest	... 318	112.	Judicious praise	... 1,259
74.	The Dregs	... 730	112.	Deaf to critics and flatterers	75, 219, 1,546, 1,552
76.	Do the deed done	... 788	113.	Eyes of the soul	... 1,280
78.	Know thyself	... 1,397	113.	Blindness of the soul	... 1,628
79.	Money, service	... 604	114.	Sight, Touch	... 931
80, 86.	Ship full sail	... 715	114.	Monsters	... 796
80, 86.	Of speech ill applied	... 1,163	115.	Your Reason?	... 197, 1,386
83, 85.	Strength in silence	... 419	115.	Promises, Fumes	... 93, 899
85.	Amen...	... 1,221	115, 126.	Love grows	... 336
85, 89, 101.	} Dumb	... 1,151, 1,152, 1,155	116.	Marry an equal	... 1,111
102, 140.			116, 123, 124.	Time a short span	... 1,284
87.	Dream-waking...	... 608	117.	Forgetting	114, 297, 403, 1,168, 1,232
88.	Tell a Tale	... 100	117.	Favourable winds	... 183
88, 119.	Lose, Win...	... 641, 676, 1,184	118.	No Cloying—Satiety	... 1,322
89.	Say That	... 1,370	118.	Diet (to the mind) better	than medicine ... 1,241
89, 95.	A Comment	... 209	119.	Fable of the Syrenes	... 1,138
89.	Lame...	... 233	119, 147.	Fever in May (youth)	1,650, 1,458
90.	Two Sorrows of One	... 967	120.	Between hammer and	anvil ... 741
91, 106.	Parts good and great	... 1,262	123.	Antiquity, Novelty	524, 1,268-9
92, 117.	Constancy	... 117, 160, 161, 402	124, 125.	Foundations	... 1,453
92.	Eye sees, Heart rues	... 976	124.	Fashion	... 955
93.	Deceived, but knows not	1,466, 1,508	125.	Poor and true (or free)	... 120
94, 96, 121.	Be as reported—yourself	509, 1,142	125.	Meal, Bran (seconds)	... 1,467
95, 144.	Saint, Sinner, Devil	... 452, 920	126.	Backwards, forwards	... 1,368
95.	Praise from opponents	1,258, 1,329	129.	Extremes...	... 1,443, 1,447
97, 98.	Good in its Season	265, 338, 1,264	135, 136, 138.	The Wish is the Will	... 113
99.	Red, white	... 907	136.	A mere Cipher	... 729
100.	Speak as we believe	225, 245, 1,150	138.	Subtleties	... 187
100.	Work in the lights	... 749	139.	Craftily wounded	... 807
100.	In their light, not their	way ... 179	139, 140.	Loser's words	... 800, 972
101, 106.	Time got lost	... 152	140.	Good news welcome	554, 1,545
101, 106.	Years, Hours well spent	... 1,269	140.	Thought Mad	... 1,055
102.	Novelty, Custom	... 1,269	140, 146, 147.	Sick men's fancies	1,241, 1,458
104.	Gods (time) steal on	silently ... 568	149.	Proud to do good...	... 388
104, 108.	All is one, even in contraries	196			

THE AUTHOR.

In some Sonnets the poet declares himself young, a beginner, and consequently despised (16); elsewhere he speaks of himself as looking and feeling old, as Francis Bacon spoke of himself at the age of thirty (22, 62, 63). Sometimes he is in disgrace, or sensitively afraid of censure and contempt (29, 34, 121). He is disabled, or "lamed" by misfortune, from devoting himself to the pursuit of his mistress—Truth (37, 39, 89, 111, 140), but his ideas and his love of Truth are fixed, constant, "grafted" into him (25, 37). They so occupy his mind as to render him sleepless (27, 29, 43, 61). Subject, as he says elsewhere,

to "clouds and melancholy" (33, 35) to hallucinations and delusive ideas, false Philosophy (119, 138, 142, 144, 148, 152), but he ever returns to his dreams of Poetic Philosophy (87), to the study of Nature, which has been long neglected, and is now new-born, and despised; "a babe," a plant only "budding." On account of her youth this New Philosophy is blamed, "suspect of ill," and obliges her followers to "mask the show" of their studies (67, 68, 70, 95, 96, 114, 115).

Meanwhile, the Age being "vile," corrupt, and ignorant (66, 67, 71, 121, 140), he locks up his secret, and indulges in his poetic writings at intervals only (48, 49, 52, 56, 57). He is tongue-tied by authority, and by the doctrine of the school-men, who would make Truth captive (66, 80, 85). He is sure, however, that there is nothing new under the sun; that modern learning is but Truth dressed afresh (59, 63, 69, 76, 93, 106, 123). He compares ancient learning with modern, Rome and Greece with his own love (54, 108, 127), and he finds that her beauties in no way fall short. Many are his sorrows and his disappointments, so that he would often wish himself dead, were it not that his plans for the revival of learning would be confounded and ruined. "Time would take his love away." He will wait for Truth to declare herself though waiting still be hell (29, 30, 64—66). The work would mock at her unless he could for a while live to defend her "detraction would not suffer her" (70, 71).

Meanwhile, he finds others borrowing his ideas and imitating his verse (75, 77), and he looks with "prophetic" confidence to the advancement of learning and the ultimate triumph of Truth (78, 107). She will outstrip him and pass him by, but he is prepared for that; his own efforts are but young and elementary, he will die happy in her love and in her service (92, 102). He fears, however, lest his praise should fall short and discredit Truth (70, 72, 87), and for her sake he conceals himself and his methods, and even appears as a fool to the outward world (71, 76, 110). And lest Truth should be disparaged by the world wishing to perpetuate his name, and to "hang more praise upon deceased I," he requests (*note this*) that "*the hand which writes this*" be not remembered; that not so much as his poor name be rehearsed; that his name be buried where his body be. In order to secure this, some "*virtuous lie*" is to be devised (71, 72, 76).

His fixed object is to marry Poetry to Philosophy, Nature to Art, Earth to Heaven (116), his writings and labours for future generations, knowing that he is in advance of his age. He thinks that later on this will be perceived, and that it will be said (as we say now when men expect of Francis Bacon science and ideas not 100 but 300 years in advance of his times):—

“Had my friend’s muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage.”—(32.)

But though he had to do the “hodman’s work” and to grind the clay as well as make the bricks and shape the stones, his “masonry” is imperishable, and his building no “fading mansion,” but a house of wisdom which shall defy time and mortality itself (63, 65, 123, 125).

C. M. P.

ENGLAND WALLED BY THE SEA.

IN days when the question is stirred—How to make England part of the Continent, by bridging over, or by tunnelling beneath the sea which girdles her?—it may be interesting to some of our readers, to be reminded of the great importance which the great philosopher and observer attached to the fact, that *England is an island*; and in days when questions are raised with regard to the due maintenance of our Navy, we shall do well to recall the words of one so thoughtful, and unparalleled in judgment and foresight as Francis Bacon:—

“To be master of the sea is an abridgment of monarchy.”

With the judgmatical utterances of the statesman and philosopher, we will couple the words of poetry, pre-eminently associated with his name, begging readers to observe that, in the verses, precisely the same metaphors of *walls, bulwarks, and forts* are used, as in the poetical speeches, advices, and law tracts of the great author.

Many passages are omitted from the Plays, where reference is made to the power of the “Navy at whose burden the angered ocean foams,” the navy, to which even the army looks with “an absolute hope;” to the “noble vessels” and ships, which bring wealth and prosperity to

our shores; but it is worth while to note, in connection with the passages to be quoted below, the reflections of Antony on his own degraded condition.

“Since Cleopatra died
I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter’d the world, and o’er green *Neptune’s back*
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman.” (*Ant. Cl.* iv. 12.)

It was with his sword that he conquered, or kept in order, nations, wild or uncivilised; it was with his ships that he *civilised* them.

(*Made Cities.*)

Note also that, indirectly, Britain is frequently alluded to *as a place of safety*. Warwick recommends it as such, for the distressed king, whose rival, we observe, “Hath passed in safety *through the narrow seas*,” and is marching upon London.

“My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.”

(3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 8.)

If the English “march along unfought” in France, the Duke of Bourbon declares that he will sell his dukedom,

“To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.” (*Hen. V.* iii. 4.)

Contemptuous as he is of the “nook-shotten island,” he seems to regard it, by reason of its watery isolation, to be the only safe corner left.

Let us now compare the passages from Bacon’s prose writings, and from the Plays, to which especial reference is made.

“(In) this kingdom *the seas are our walls*, and the ships our bulwarks. . . . The king cannot enlarge the bounds of these Islands, which make up his Empire, the ocean being *the unremovable wall* which encloseth them . . . I shall recommend unto you the care of our *first out-work*, the *Navy Royal and shipping of the Kingdom*, which are the walls thereof: and every great ship, as an *impregnable fort or bulwark*.” (*Advice to Buckingham*, 1616.)

“To be master of the sea is an abridgment of monarchy . . . Surely at this day, with us of Europe, the vantage of strength at sea (which is one of the principal doweries of this kingdom of Great Britain) is great; both because most of the kingdoms of Europe are not merely inland, but girt with the sea in most part of their compass.”

(Essay of True Greatness of Kingdoms.)

A great monarchy . . . should be, First, hard of access. Secondly, that it be seated in no extreme region, but commodiously, in the midst of many regions. And thirdly, that it be Maritime . . . not inland, or Mediterrane (*ib.*). He goes on to prove this by instances; but the piece is fragmentary.

“ . . . to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: (*John ii. 1.*)

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son.
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,

Like to a tenement or pelting farm :
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself."

(*Rich. II.*, i. 3.)

In this passage, full from beginning to end of Baconian ideas and sentiments, we should notice, in the 5th line, the reflection that one of England's doweries is that it is fortified by Nature against the invasions of such "*infection*" as continually desolated the warmer and dirtier countries of the south. And in the 6th line we may see one of Bacon's "fixed ideas" or doctrines, of the "microcosm," the little world of man, complete in itself, and self-contained.

T. C. MORE.

PARAPHRASE OF BACON'S ESSAY "ON DELAYS."

FORTUNE is like the market, stay a while,
 The price perchance will fall; again beware
 For, like the sibyl, it may bate the worth
 And still not lower the cost. As runs the saw;
 Occasion first its forelock yields to men,
 But no hold taken, strait it turns to flight,
 Eluding grasp with bold and slippery pate.
 'Tis a great part of wisdom well to time
 The first essays of things, and trifling obstacles
 Ignored or scorned are trifling then no more.
 But yet to look for dangers in approach
 And take their lengthened shadows for themselves
 (As fearful sentinels that shoot too soon,
 The low moon shining at their enemies' backs),
 This is to beckon danger to come on.
 Weigh well the occasion if 'tis ripe or crude;
 Commit to Argus with his hundred eyes
 The beginning of great actions, but the ends

To hundred-handed Briarens consign ;
 For Pluto's helm, that makes the politic man
 Amid his enemies' work invisible,
 Is secrecy in plot in action speed.—(See p. 4.)
 Nothing begun, celerity alone
 Will baffle watch, like bullet in the air
 Which flies so swift that it outruns the eye.

PARAPHRASE OF BACON'S ESSAY "ON WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF."

Let not thy love be centred on thyself,
 But radiate fairly round. No orb in heaven
 Upon itself alone revolves, but moves
 In swift beneficence to others weal.
 The mere self-seeker ruins by his ways
 The master or the state he feigns to serve.
 Mark how false officers of every kind,
 The treasurer, general, or ambassador,
 Eyeing for ever their own petty ends,
 For these will count for nought their master's cause,
 Setting a house on fire to roast their eggs.
 And yet these pick-thanks into favour creep,
 Because they only seek to please, or else
 To crook to self the current of affairs,
 Wholly regardless of their neighbour's good.
 Self-seeking wisdom mostly is corrupt,
 The cunning of the rat that quits the house
 Before it fall, or wile of crocodile
 That sheds its tears, before it opes its jaws.
 'Tis also worthy note that these devout
 Self-worshippers not seldom fall at last
 A sacrifice to fortune's fickleness,
 The fortune that they deemed so shrewdly won.

PARAPHRASE OF BACON'S ESSAY "ON SUSPICION."

Suspicious in the mind, the bats of thought
 Fly ever in the dusk : keep them well under,
 For they cloud the eye, break ties of amity,
 And check the constant current of affairs.

Suspicions make a tyrant of a king,
 In husband's breed a racking jealousy,
 And wise men render up a hopeless prey
 To weakness of resolve and sad distrust.
 Let but the heart be bold, this subtle ill
 Works but small hurt, but in the fearful mind
 It gains too rapid ground. To know a little
 Often brings to birth abortive doubt
 Of monstrous form, that only vanishes—(See p. 6.)
 By knowing more. And what should men expect?
 Deal they, forsooth, with saints whose single eye
 Intent on service never looks to self.
 Stand well on guard against suspected wrong,
 But bridle still distrust. If fairly mazed
 And lost in drear suspicion's darksome wood
 Then clear a way by open conference.
 So may truth come to light, and the suspect
 Acquit himself, or be by shame reformed.

PARAPHRASE OF PART OF BACON'S PAPER "ON DEATH."

In pondering oft of death, I find it least
 Of ills—our past a dream, a waking dream,
 Our hopes of time to come. And why should man
 Fall with his chain in love, albeit of gold?
 Dost like securely? Then thy soul is dead,
 And thy good angel hath forsook his guard.
 None but the slackly strong and pleasure's slave
 Can loathly doff his visage false of flesh
 And his perfections veil. In death the soul
 Shakes off her bonds, and sets up for herself;
 Slackened before from showing all her strength,
 Like skilled musician by a faulty lute,
 She now has scope at large for all her powers.
 And yet at whatsoever door he knocks
 Unwelcome is Death's call, gracious alone
 To such as sit in darkness, or 'neath grief
 And irons burdened lie, despairful widows

Or deposed Kings, whose fortune backward runs,
 And spirits mutines, sighing for the grave.*
 There wait upon the shore of death and waft
 Him to draw near, wishful to see his star
 And follow to his place, wooing the fates
 To let the watch of life run swiftly down
 And break their thread of days before the time.

PROF. BENGOUGH.

MR. SHAKSPEARE, Q.C.

"SHAKESPEARE'S legal acquirements" have been the subject of much discussion. Lawyers who have investigated the subject agree that the erudite and peculiar nature of the law-points touched upon in the Plays, prove beyond a doubt that the theory which for so many years satisfied the public mind—namely, that *Shakespeare* "picked up" his knowledge of law proceedings and legal terminology by hanging about County Courts, or by listening to the talk at a coffee-house or ordinary frequented by lawyers, or that he evolved it out of his own consciousness, after the traditional manner of heaven-born geniuses, is futile, totally inadequate to meet the facts of the case.

In an interesting book written by Lord Campbell,* that learned lawyer expresses complete disbelief in the received opinions concerning *Shakespeare's* education and history. "Although," he says, "were an issue tried before me as Chief Justice at the Warwick Assizes, whether William Shakespeare, late of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman, was ever clerk in an attorney's office in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, I should hold that there is evidence to go to the Jury in support of the affirmative; I should add that the evidence is very far from conclusive," and he goes on to describe how "the Jury would probably fail to come to any agreement, but would have to be locked up for the night, and would come into Court next morning, pale and ghastly, still saying, 'We cannot agree.'"

* "*Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*," published 1859.

"Yet," he says, "I should not hesitate to state with some earnestness that there has been a great deal of misrepresentation and delusion as to Shakespeare's opportunities, when a youth, of acquiring knowledge, and as to the knowledge he had acquired." Lord Campbell goes on to form a theory of what *might* have been Shakespeare's education and occupations, of which he, however, honestly adds that there is not "a scintilla of contemporary proof." After dismissing as absurd various theories as to how Shakespeare *might* have been employed "from about 1579, when he *most likely* left school, until about 1586, when he *is supposed* to have gone to London," Lord Campbell arrives, by a process of exhaustion, at "the only other occupation in which it is well possible to imagine that Shakespeare could have been engaged during the period we are considering—that of an attorney's clerk, first suggested by Chalmers, and since countenanced by Malone and others whose opinions are entitled to high respect, but impugned by nearly an equal number of biographers and critics of almost equal authority." This supposition, he admits, is "strongly corroborated by internal evidence; for, having concluded my examination of Shakespeare's judicial phrases, and forensic allusions, on the retrospect I am amazed, not only by the number, but by the accuracy and propriety with which they are uniformly introduced. There is nothing so dangerous as for one not of the craft to tamper with our freemasonry. . . . Whilst novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, and of inheritance, to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he propounded it, there can be neither demurer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error." But, as against the possibility of Shakespeare having ever been in a lawyer's office, there remains this difficulty. "Were it true, positive and irrefragible evidence in Shakespeare's own hand-writing might have been forthcoming to establish it. Not having been enrolled as an attorney, neither the records of the local Court at Stratford, nor the Superior Courts at Westminster, would present his name as being concerned in any suits as an attorney; but it might have been reasonably expected that there would have been deeds or wills witnessed by him still extant; and, after a diligent search, none such can be discovered. Nor can this consideration be disregarded, that between Nash's epistle in the end of the 16th Century, and Chalmer's suggestion more than

200 years after, there is no hint by his friends or his foes or Shakspeare having consumed pens, paper, ink, and pounce in an attorney's office at Stratford."

To turn from the theoretical history of William Shakspeare to the authentic history of Francis Bacon. It is known that, having quitted the University, and being intended by his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, for the profession or calling of a politician, Francis was, at a very early age, entrusted to the care of the Queen's Ambassador at Paris, and soon employed in offices of trust for the Crown. After travelling in France and Italy, he settled in Poitiers, where he continued studying, until the sudden news of the death of his father recalled him to England, to find himself left poorly off, and obliged to betake himself to the legal profession as a means of earning a livelihood. He entered Gray's Inn in his 20th year, and "For ten succeeding years he rarely suffered either pleasure, or the scientific and literary studies in which he was all the while deeply immersed, to interfere with his professional duties, and we read that during this time "he familiarised himself with every branch of jurisprudence."

By degrees he rose to be Registrar of the Star-Chamber, Member of Parliament for Middlesex, Attorney-General, and Lord Chancellor. Of course it became his duty in these various offices to deliver speeches, and to write papers on various subjects submitted to him for elucidation or judgment. Amongst the most important of these are Tracts on the "*Use of the Law*," and "*Maxims of the Law*;" "*Preparation for the Union of the Laws of England and Scotland*;" "*Proposals for Reforming the Penal Laws*;" Speeches on the King's Prerogative, on Duelling, and on Monopolies, with Some Charges to the Circuits on the Office of Constables, &c.

I wish to draw attention to one point in particular. Bacon did not profess, in the legal works which he acknowledges for his own, *to treat of Law in General*. These works concern chiefly certain Cases and Questions specially brought before him in the course of his professional career, or upon which he was called to pronounce an opinion. Perhaps the whole of his legal writings do not form one-tenth part of his acknowledged works, although the bulk of these is small, and would not fill more than four octavo volumes. In the *Advancement of Learning*, twenty pages only are devoted to the Law

out of the 367 pages of which that work consists. And yet in these few Law Tracts, Speeches, and Aphorisms, are to be found all "the profound and accurate knowledge which *Shakespeare* displayed of juridical principles and practice." Lord Campbell need not have troubled himself to seek further for the sources of this remarkable knowledge.

Conspicuous to the ordinary reader, and indubitably manifest to the legal mind is *Shakespeare's* intimate acquaintance with Conveyancing, his references to Leaseholds, Feoffments, Fines, Indentures, Remitters, Reversions, and other still less commonly understood terms. These are to be found freely, yet the lawyers say, always *correctly* used, throughout the Plays; and of Hamlet's Speech on taking into his hand a skull which he believed to be that of a Lawyer, Lord Campbell remarks, "These terms of art are all used, seemingly, with a full knowledge of their import, and it would puzzle some practising barristers with whom I am acquainted to define each of them satisfactorily." Clearly, therefore, the writer of the Plays was as good a lawyer as Lord Campbell, or as Francis Bacon himself, and that is saying a good deal.

On opening the *Tracts of the Law*, Conveyancing meets the eye, in a brief exposition of the Laws which regulate the transfer of property. Here the *Shakespeare* student may, without going farther afield, inform himself of what it is to hold land In Tail, by Feoffment, or in Fee Simple, by Descent in Law, or by Purchase, by Deed of Gift, by Grant, or by Livery of Seisin.

Let us bring together some of Bacon's short, but lucid, notes on these "terms of art," and passages from the Plays where they are touched upon or utilised.

"Property, is lands is gotten and transferred: 1, By Entry; 2, by Descent; 3, by Escheat; 4 (and most usually), by Conveyance.

"I. Property by Entry is where a man findeth a piece of land that no other possesseth nor hath a title unto, and he that so findeth it doth enter upon it; this Entry gaineth the property. . . . By the Conquest, all lands in this nation were appropriated to the Conqueror except religious and Church lands."

"The dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,

To enter conquerors and to proclaim
 Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours."
 (*John* ii. 1, *Cymb.* iii. 1, 1—22.)

“(In combat, Hamlet)
 Did slay this Fortinbras; who, *by a seal'd compact,*
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
*Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror: **
 Against the which, a moiety competent
 Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
 To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
 Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,
 And carriage of the article design'd,
 His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
 (*Has planned an enterprise*)
 As it doth well appear unto our state—
 But to recover of us, by strong hand
 And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost.”—(*Ham.* i. 1.)

II. “Descent in lands is where a man that hath land of inheritance dieth not making any disposition of it, but leaveth it to go as the law appointeth. The law casteth it upon the heir.”

“*I am denied to sue my livery here,*
And yet my letters-patents give me leave;
 My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,
 And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
 What would you have me do? I am a subject,
 And I challenge law: attorneys are denied me;
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.”—(*R.* II. ii. 3).

“They have been still mine enemies;
 But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
 To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
 God knows I will not do it, to the death.”
 (*R.* III. iii. 2; and see *Hen.* V. i. 2, 32—100.)

III. “Property by escheat is where the owner of the land dieth in possession without . . . heir; there the land . . . is said to escheat

* “They did use to intral and charge the subjects' lands with tenures *in capite* . . . to work for them upon premier seizins, and alienations, being the firstfruits of those tenures.”—(*Hist. Hen.* VII. Also of seizins see “*Statute of Uses*,” and “*Case of Impeachment of Waste*.” *Spedding's Works*, vii. 535.)

to the lord of whom it is holden. This lack of heir happeneth chiefly in two cases: the one where the landowner is a bastard; the other, where he is attainted of felony or treason. Upon attainder of treason the king is to have the land although he is not the lord of whom it is holden, because it is a royal escheat. But for felony it is not so."

"*K. Edw.* Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glou. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her."—(3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2.)

"If a man doth wrongfully enter into another man's possession and put the right owner of the freehold and inheritance from it, he thereby getteth the freehold and inheritance by *disseisin*, and may hold it against all men but him that hath right and his heirs, and is called a *disseisor*. Or if he die seised of lands, and before his heir doth enter, one that hath no right doth enter into the lands, and holdeth them from the right heir, he is called an *abator*, and is lawful owner against all men but the rightful heir."—(*Use L.*)

"*Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him."—(2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 10.)

"Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows!"—(*Cor.* iii. 3.)

"If a man have divers children, and the elder, being a bastard, doth enter into the land . . . and dieth thereof so seised, his heirs shall hold the land against all the lawful children."—(*Use L.*)

"Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?

* * * * *

Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
 As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
 Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
 Now, gods, stand up for bastards!—(*Lear* i. 2.)

(Note that the speaker is the *eldest* though illegitimate son of Gloucester). See *Lear* i. 1, 9—25.

Feoffment.

“A feoffment is where by deed, or without deed, lands are given to one and his heirs, &c.” (See also *Maxims of the Law. Regula* 1, where the subject of Enfeoffment is treated more at large.)

“The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,

* * * * *

Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity.”—(1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3.)

Lord Campbell's comment on the above: “So fond was he (*Shakespeare*) of Law terms, that . . . he uses the forced and harsh figure (in the extract). I copy Malone's note of explanation on this line. ‘A feoffment was the ancient mode of conveyance, by which all lands in England were granted in fee-simple for several ages till the conveyance of lease and release was invented by Sergeant Moore about the year 1630. Every deed of feoffment was accompanied by livery of seisin, that is with the delivery of corporal possession of the land or tenement granted in fee.’”—(*Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, p. 66).

TENURE IN CHIVALRY AND WARDSHIP OF MINORS.

Bacon explains “the reason why all land is holden of the Crown, immediately, or by mesne” to be this: “The Conqueror got, by

right of conquest, all the land of the realm into his own hands, in demesne . . . and first, seeing his people to be part Normans and part Saxons, found here, he bent himself to conjoin them in amity by marriages; and for that purpose that if those of his nobles, knights, and gentlemen, to whom he gave . . . land, should die leaving their heir within age, a male within 21, a female within 14 years, and unmarried, then the king should have the bestowing of such heirs in marriage . . . which interest of marriage (*is*) implied in every tenure of land called Knight-service."

In *All's Well* ii. 3 the king is seen exercising his prerogative in this respect.

"*King*. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract."

Lord Campbell's comments on this scene: "In this Play we meet with proof that Bacon had an accurate knowledge of the law of England respecting the incidents of Military Tenure, or Tenure in Chivalry . . . The incidents of that tenure here dwelt upon are *Wardship of Minors*, and the right of the Guardian to dispose of the minor in marriage at his pleasure. Helen was in love with Bertram, Count of Rousillon, still a minor, who held large possessions *in capite* under the Crown, and was in ward to the king . . . The wardship of Bertram, and the obligation of the ward to take the wife provided for him by his Guardian, *Shakespeare* drew from his own knowledge

of the common law of England, which, though now obsolete, was in full force in the reign of Elizabeth, and was to be found in Littleton.” —(*Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, p. 58.)

QUILL DRIVER.

(*To be continued.*)

DE QUINCEY AND THE ROSICRUCIANS—BACON'S “NEW ATLANTIS.”

IT is instructive to find De Quincey obliged, in his essay upon the origin of the Rosicrucian Fraternity, to introduce Bacon, though he only does so, in an endeavour to refute the theory of Nicolai and others, that Bacon was a Rosicrucian, or that he had anything to do with the reconstruction of Freemasonry in 1646. He overlooks Murr,* who was of a like opinion with Nicolai. Yet he arrives with Buhle at the conclusion that modern Freemasonry was derived from the Rosicrucians. How is it then that at this meeting at Warrington in 1646, the members of whom were Rosicrucians, that Lord Bacon's ideas are discussed and promulgated? De Quincey maintains that there was nothing Masonic in Bacon's “New Atlantis”; that it had no object beyond science, and the founding of a Royal Society. This is a strange statement to make, seeing that in Bacon's own words his object was to *restore* knowledge, just as we find this statement also in the Rosicrucian manifestoes. But what had Solomon or the Temple to do with it? Now the Rosicrucians professed Solomon and Moses as their protagonists, just as Bacon does. How is it that John Heydon's Land of the Rosicrucians is Bacon's “New Atlantis,” word for word, and that Campanella wrote an almost identical romance the year preceding Bacon's story? Campanella was a noted member of the Rosicrucians. But the evidence is too strong for De Quincey's criticism. We have found not only Bacon's initials among the founders of the fraternity, but his pen in their manifestoes. We have had Burton's evidence of his identity in the words,

* *Über den wahren ursprung du Rosenkreutzen*, 2 c, Sulzback, 1803, s. 23.
Chr. Murr.

"*Artium et scientiarum Instaurator*"; we know that the centre was England, and that the founders were artists, and poets, litterati, with their inspiring source in a Helicon, Hippocrene, Parnassus, and Apollo. Do we not find Bacon's name figuring as president, at the great assizes held by Apollo at Parnassus, and all the poets of his age ranged under his presidentship? It will not be very long ere the world will rub its eyes and perceive that in the "New Atlantis" we have a picture, not of an imaginary Utopia, but of the real, mysterious, and perplexing Fraternity of Rosie Cross, of which Francis Bacon was architect and play painter.

W. F. C. WIGSTON.

A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT PORTRAITS.

Nos. 1 and 2 on the plate which forms the frontispiece to the present number, give two views from photographs of the "Duke of Devonshire's Bust of Shakespeare" mentioned in *Baconiana*, pp. 17, 18, May, 1893. No. 3 is from a medal at the British Museum, bearing on its reverse the date 1823.

The striking likeness between the profiles cannot be overlooked, yet there is a *difference*, which has been explained in a satisfactory manner by Mr. Sparkes, Director of the National Schools of Art, South Kensington. This gentleman, upon examining the bust at the Garrick Club, perceived that the nose has been at some time broken off, and, in the mending, *shortened* at the bridge or root. This slight shortening is perceptible when the bust and the medal are compared.

As might be expected, the soft beard and moustache of Bacon, and the hair in front, are curtailed, in order to make the portrait *possible* for an actor. But the delicate mouth—the *downward* turn of the moustache, following the facial muscles—the beard framing the cheeks and the lower part of the face, are here. We also see a trace of the "feather" or upstanding lock of hair, which in age wore somewhat away, but which in youth and middle-age was a distinct characteristic. Note also the Charles I. collar. Space has obliged us to reproduce only the most necessary portion of the bust.

LIST OF "SHAKESPEARE" PLAYS PUBLISHED DURING SHAKESPEARE'S LIFETIME.

(Conclusion of Article on "Baconiana," Jan. 7th, 1893.)

PRINTED PLAYS.	ANONYMOUS.	WITH NAME.
Titus Andronicus.....	1594, 1600, 1611
Taming the Shrew (sketch)	1594
First part of Contention York and Lancaster* ..	1594, 1600, 1600
Richard Duke of York (Death of Henry VI.) *	1595, 1600
Romeo and Juliet	1597, 1599, 1609, 1611	1611 (date conjectural)
Richard II.	1597	1598, 1608, 1608, 1615
Richard III.	1597	1598, 1602, 1605, 1612
Henry IV. (first part of)...	1598	1598, 1599, 1604, 1608
Love's Labour Lost	1598
Henry V.	1600, 1602, 1608
Midsummer Night's Dream	1600, 1600
Merchant of Venice.....	1600, 1600
Much Ado About Nothing	1600
Second Henry IV.	1600, 1600
Merry Wives of Windsor (sketch)	1602
Hamlet	1603, 1604
King Lear	1608, 1608
Pericles	1609, 1609
Troilus and Cressida	1609, 1609

OTHER "SHAKESPEARE" WORKS PUBLISHED DURING SHAKSPERE'S LIFETIME.

POEMS AND PLAYS.	ANONYMOUS.	WITH NAME.
Venus and Adonis	1593, 1593, 1596, 1599, 1602, 1602
Lucrece	1594, 1598, 1600, 1607, 1616
Loocrine, by "W. S." †... ..	1595
Passionate Pilgrim	1599, 1599, 1612
Sir John Oldcastle	1600
Turtle and Phoenix.....	1601
Thomas Lord Cromwell, by "W. S." †	1602
London Prodigal	1605
Puritan, or Widow of Wat- ling Street, by "W. S." †	1607
Yorkshire Tragedy	1608
Sonnets	1599 (two stanzas)	1609, 1609
Troublesome Reign of King John, by "W. S." †.....	1611

* Sketches of Henry VI.

† Those by W. S. are considered anonymous, possibly not Shakespearean.

At least fifteen Shakespearean plays were acted on the stage prior to 1598, and all anonymous.

Where the date is repeated - *e.g.*, 1593, 1593—it means two editions in that year.

Besides the plays by W.S., there are a few others that may be claimed as Shakespearean, but anonymous, and therefore doubtful.

WASHINGTON, D.C., April 10th, 1892.

WM. HENRY BURR.

MEDALS STRUCK IN HONOUR OF BACON.

[In answer to question, "*Baconiana*," March, 1893.—J.C.]

AT the British Museum are several coins or medals struck in honour of Francis Bacon, and which furnish one of many examples of the mystery attaching to all that concerns our great subject, and the present working of his method of tradition. These medals, though enumerated, are undescribed in "*Hawkins' British Medals*," excepting in one case, where the description is misleading. With this exception we are neither told when, why, nor by whom the medals were struck; neither is any artist or owner named of any of the specimens preserved in the collection of the Museum.

One medallion portrait, moulded in lead, is said to have been taken from the life, and is twice repeated on other medals; it represents Bacon at about the age of 55, and the pose of the head is the same as in the Van Somers' portrait. One of these copies from the lead has around it the inscription FRANCISC · BACON · VICECOM · VERULAMII · AN_G · C₁ · AN_C · EL, with the letters *irregularly arranged*, as we have endeavoured to show, though we must do so in a straight line, instead of circularly. The reverse has a design of the Dawn, admirably illustrating the Rosicrucian description of the "Blessed Aurora now beginning to appear, whoe (after the passing away of the darke night of Saturne) with her brightress altogether extinguished the shinninge of the moone, or the small sparkles of the heavenly wisdome which yet remains with men, and is a forerunner of pleasant Phœbus, whoe with her cleare, and fiery, glistening beames, brings forth that blessed day, long-wished-for of many true-hearted, by which daylight then shall be truely known and seene, all heavenly treasures of godly wisdome, as also the secrets of all hidden and invisible things in the world, according to the doctrine of our forefathers and auncient wise men."

The medal bears the motto, "*Non Procul Dies*," with the dates of the birth and death of Francis Bacon—"Aurora's harbinger."

There is also another beautiful portrait in profile of Francis Bacon, struck for the "*Series Numismatica Universalis Virorum Illustrum*," in 1823, the 200th anniversary of the publication of the *De*



MR. THOMAS BUSHELL'S GOLDEN MEDAL.



Augmentis, and of the *Shakespeare folio*. Yet another medal (*not* in the British Museum collection) is described by Hawkins. It was struck early in the present century by Mr. Fuller, and by him given as a reward for distinguished scientific research to Sir Humphry Davy. There seem to have been seven other recipients of the medal, but as usual, a mystery seems to surround this Baconian memento, whose history must, however, be perfectly well-known to many persons.*

The most interesting of all are the three known as Mr. Thomas Bushell's golden medals. (In Hawkins. See *Charles II.* 67 to 69.) Here Bacon wears the narrow-brimmed straight hat of the later portraits. On the reverse is a miner with pickaxe over his shoulder, and in his right hand a nugget, which he seems to contemplate with satisfaction. The moulding of the medal is in very low relief, and two holes drilled top and bottom show that it was intended to be worn on a ribbon. We are informed that it was "struck for Thomas Bushell, who had imbibed a taste for mechanics and mineralogy from Sir Francis Bacon, his patron in early youth. He had authority from Charles I., Cromwell, and Charles II., to work the royal mines." After many failures he published a scheme for raising money to carry on his works . . . but his labours were not successful; he was involved in difficulties, and died in distressed circumstances in 1674, aged 80. His publications contain much of a curious nature, and show his veneration for Bacon, by whose instructions he professed to be entirely guided."

So we are intended to believe that this medal concerned real mining speculations in Wales. But let anyone trouble himself to read Bushell's "*Publications of a Curious Nature*," and he will find Bacon there represented as "*a true pioneer in the Mine of Truth*"; and that although Bushell doubtless did farm some mines for the reigning Sovereigns, his real occupation was to raise money for the promotion of Bacon's great plans, whether by publishing works, weighty but useful (*lead*), or such ponderous learning "*transmuted into gold*"—purest philosophy or poetry.

* We must not overlook a portrait medal of F. B., catalogued as "Unknown Portrait," cast and chased from a model by Adam Simon. A portrait erroneously called in the Devonshire catalogue, *the Earl of Southampton*. Note—a feigned or disguised portrait.

A few extracts may persuade the studious to inquire further of Mr. Bushell and his connection with Bacon:—

“The Lord St. Albans’ *Atlantis* is a magazine of compendious, but sublime documents to enrich a Commonwealth with Universal notions, as far above a vulgar capacity as the emperial heavens are above the earth; for which cause himself styled it his Solomon’s House, or Six Daies Work. But the way to advance a proportionable revenue (proposed by his Philosophical theory) to accomplish the vast design of such a magnificent structure, without a prince’s purse, will seem as abstruse to some acute apprehensions as the immortal descent of the soul to animate the embryon in the wombe. Yet if any responsible persons are incredulous of Mr. Bushell’s proceeding to perfect the said lordship’s philosophical theory in mineral discovery, according to his undertaking, let them . . . repaire to the Assurance Office at the Royal Exchange, where they shall have tendered by friends of his, medals of gold, by way of mart, according to the ensuing Bill.”

In the “Postscript to the Judicious Reader,” Bushell says that if *The New Atlantis*—“the Treatise of the Isle of Bensalem”—has been duly perused, the reader will perceive that “the Philosophical Father of Solomon’s House doth perfectly demonstrate my heroick master’s (the Lord Chancellor Bacon’s) design for the benefit of mankind.” He proceeds to tell of the “rise” and “eclipse” of Bacon’s plans.

“His Lordship had revealed the most mysterious parts of his philosophy to his master the king, and . . . thereby so indulged his Majesty’s genius as he prevailed with him to call a Parliament . . . to confirme this academy of his lordship’s in his way of mining by an Act of State, in hopes of securing revenues for the “perfecting of all other expenceful tryals.”

And at this point we find that Bacon’s plan turns in the first place upon the disposal of property left by the Will of Thomas Sutton, to be bestowed upon some work of public charity. As early as July, 1608, Bacon was interested in Sutton’s intentions, and notes his desire to persuade the Archbishop of Canterbury to entertain “a good conceyt” regarding them. When, in 1611, Bacon advices the king concerning Sutton’s estate, we find him urging that the Charter

House be not converted chiefly into an Alms-house or "Hospital," to become "a cell of loiterers," but that it be made a means of advancement in learning, by the appropriation of the funds destined "for teachers of children" to "teachers for men"—lecturers, professors, "readers in chairs," who are the "parents in sciences."

THE ARENA DISCUSSION.

FOR some months past a discussion of the great literary suit *Bacon v. Shakspere* (inaccurately spelt Shakespeare), has been proceeding in the *Arena*, a new monthly journal, published in Boston, U.S. Mr. Edwin Reed is the leading counsel in this *quasi* forensic process, and opened his brief for the Plaintiff last July. He travels over the ground now so familiar to all Baconians. His first contention refers to the scholarship of the Shakespearean poet: his knowledge of Latin, Greek, Italian, French, and Spanish, and his intimate acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, for which various authorities are cited. In the same way it is shewn that he was a lawyer and a philosopher. William Shakspere's qualifications are next discussed—the family illiteracy; the signatures; the dates of the leading events of his life, as compared with those of the earliest and latest poems and plays; the Stratford monument; the will; the allusions by contemporaries; Ben Jonson. In the August number, Bacon's qualities are discussed, with plentiful certificates from authors and critics; the cryptic words of Tobie Mathew; the *Promus* puzzle; a select list of parallel passages including the flower list in the "Winter's Tale;" the Northumberland MS.—the comparative history of the plays and of Bacon's career; the anonymous plays; the 1623 folio; the silence concerning William Shakspeare of all his most distinguished contemporaries. In the September number Mr. Reed discusses certain objections to the Plaintiff's case. The argument from possession, or the prescriptive right of the present occupant. Bacon's silence. The anachronisms and errors of the plays,—on which it is worth while, for our own part, to remark that anachronism is the chartered right of all novelists and romancists. Sir Walter Scott in "*Kenilworth*," introduces Shakespeare, with quotations from the *Midsummer Night's*

Dream, and *Troilus and Cressida* in connection with events which happened in the year 1575, when William Shakspeare was a lad of 11, and not a line of the Shakespearian poetry had been written. It is a little fatiguing to have these small objections perpetually under consideration. The same may be said of all the objections founded in historical inaccuracy. Mr. Reed points out a number of similar inaccuracies in Bacon's Apophthegms: and as to Bacon's alleged pedantic accuracy in matters of scholarship, any one who takes the trouble to compare Bacon's references and quotations with their originals, as Mr. Reynolds does in the Clarendon edition of the Essays, will be startled to find how habitually inaccurate Bacon was. The notes to the first ten essays point out no less than a dozen cases of inaccurate quotation. The other objections considered by Mr. Reed are the nondescript objection that Bacon's mind was cast in a non-Shakespearian mould—that the Essay of Love could not have been written by the author of Shakespeare—that Bacon was not a practical playwright and knew nothing about the stage—that Bacon's acknowledged poetry is bad, and that Bacon was a cold, hard unsympathetic man.

In the October number internal evidence in favour of Bacon is discussed. Bacon was a great word-inventor; his style was remarkably varied according to occasion, and in both Shakespeare and Bacon aphoristic gems are profuse. Bacon was a versatile man; able to talk with any one in his own jargon, he habitually altered and corrected his own MSS. and published works, just as the successive quartos are altered and corrected. The two authors had the same friends and enemies, Southampton, the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery on the one hand, Lords Cobham and Coke on the other. Bacon's home at St. Albans is familiar ground to the dramatist. Bacon's puns and jests are like Shakespeare's; so are his quotations from the classics. Bacon's life was passed in the atmosphere of a court, and the plays reflect the same habits. Bacon often wrote under pseudonyms, or in disguise. Finally the plays and the prose reflect the same Philosophy, the same History, the same legal studies, the same Medical Science, the same Natural History, Religion, love and knowledge of music, the same natural oratory, the same familiarity with the printer's art, with astrology and navigation

Next, in November, Mr. Reed is advocate for the Defendant, and as his own convictions evidently belong to the Plaintiff, his argument on the other side is not likely to be very conclusive, and he has already answered it. What is called the testimony of contemporaries simply means that no one asked any questions, and no one, except Ben Jonson, had anything to say about William Shakspeare himself and the shadowy persons—Heminge and Condell, who professed to edit the folios, and might have been used for purposes of mystification. Bacon's acknowledged poetry, of course, is a strong argument against his Shakespeare claim, but there is plenty of similar versification in Shakespeare.

After Mr. Reed has completed his case, Dr. Nicholson, of Leamington, steps on the stage. He begins by repeating the fallacy we have just exposed—calling mere noncritical allusion testimony; and confounding homage to the writings with homage to the man. Next he tries to explain away the cryptic P.S. of Tobie Mathew, and, with a vigour of assertion which does him credit, says, that if this statement is not general, "the reference is without doubt to Galileo." This is in the approved Shakespeare society style. "Without doubt" is supposed to settle the matter. The Northumberland MS. is similarly disposed of; and the allusion to concealed poets, and to Bacon's reference to "Mine Own Tales." Nothing really depends upon all these little points, but if a Shakspeare apologist can make out a plausible explanation of some dark saying or obscure allusions, he considers the whole business has come to an end. All Dr. Nicholson's arguments are attempts to put a non-natural construction on everything that supports Bacon's claim—and to strain everything that supports William Shakspeare.

Then Professor Rolfe comes forward with the amazing assertion that William Shakspeare's life is a natural key and commentary on the plays. A critic who is capable of this is not a man to be reasoned with. Professor Rolfe invents his facts, as when he says that the relations between Ben Jonson and Bacon and Shakspeare, "are, as they well may be, a stumbling-block to the heretics." As a matter of fact they have never been so regarded by any Baconian, and are among the strongest of our circumstantial arguments.

"The Sonnets are another stumbling-block to the Baconians," is another absolutely untrue assertion. If Mr. Gerald Massey's inter-

pretation is accepted, as on the whole the best, the Baconian theory removes the one hypothesis which makes his argument ridiculous, and the whole case becomes reasonable and luminous. Professor Rolfe may himself look on these points as stumbling blocks, but he has no right to attribute his own impressions to us. But this is the orthodox style of Anti-Baconian argument. In a subsequent number, Professor Rolfe continues his argument, and reasons in the same perverse and darkening style. For instance, here is a curious bit of logomachy: "Mr. Reed says that 'Weed signifies garment; particularly (as Bacon elsewhere uses it) as one that disguises the wearer.' This may be Bacon's use of the word, but it certainly is not Shakspeare's. With him weed simply means garment;" and then he quotes three or four passages which actually prove Mr. Reed's statement and contradict his own, and dismisses the case with a sneer and a chuckle.

Next comes Dr. Furnivall. But we decline to sit on the same bench with this remarkable person. His literary dress is too fuliginous—we desire to keep our own unsoiled. It is rather humiliating to read the sophistical absurdities of these learned Shakspeareans. As a rule they are judiciously silent; when they do break the silence, Alas! Alas! The series concludes with a vigorous finale by Mr. Donnelly, who has little difficulty in disposing of the attenuated logical structure in which the Shakspearean champions think their hero is secure, as in an impregnable fortress.

If the Baconian case really could come into Court, and be argued by Counsel *pro* and *con.*, and summarized by some distinguished legal authority, we do not think the issue could be doubtful. The party in possession has not a shred of unequivocal evidence,—not a leg of legal logic to stand upon: while the Claimant's case as nearly amounts to demonstration as is possible for what is essentially probable and circumstantial. The legal process in the *Arena* cannot claim the same kind of authority. The Counsel, the Judges, and the Jury are only *dramatis personæ*, not genuine officials; consequently the decision is not made by any "Court," but only by experts whose opinion was already well known. Nevertheless, we welcome the discussion. It is ably conducted; it helps on publicity, gives fresh ventilation to the case, is sure to make new converts, and to improve the *status* of the controversy in the large, informal Court of Public Opinion.

R. M. THEOBALD.

BACON IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

A BOOK has been published this year, called "The Still Life in the Middle Temple," by W. G. Thorpe, F.S.A., a Barrister of the Society. Mr. Thorpe is apparently an elderly gentleman, who has been a book-worm all his life. He has an antiquarian relish for rare editions and old books, and can boast, among other things, of possessing a copy of the 1623 Folio of Shakespeare. To us, however, the main interest of his volume consists in the fact that he is a Baconian—apparently by uncontrollable instinct, for he does not give any very clear account of the origin of his belief.

The following is the passage in which he gives his *confessio fidei*:—

"Of my annual holy days I have little to record. But one experience, which must have occurred to many others at Stratford, may come in here. I am one of those silver medallist book-worms, who own a First Folio of Shakespeare, and one of the still fewer out of that small body who *can't* believe but that the real author was the illustrious Bacon. Hence, going over the house at Stratford-on-Avon, I hinted some of my heresies to a most precise elderly spinster, who was the guardian of it. At that time the critical acumen of Sir William Grove had not pointed out the lines in Troilus and Cressida (IV. ii.), where Cressida says:—

‘ But the strong base and building of my love,
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it ’:

which that most estimable of men, whether as student, philosopher, lawyer, or judge, writes me is a fairly accurate definition of gravitation; as the earth's attraction is from the centre: and this, too, two generations before the apple fell on Newton's nose. The germ of the matter had, of course, been published by Dr. Gilbert in his celebrated book, 'De Magnete,' in 1600; but a Latin book like that would not form one of those read by a man busily engaged as actor and manager, and who wrote his name so badly that no two signatures are alike. It is even said that many of these show the pencillings of the scrivener's clerk, as for an illiterate man. Hence my question to the lady: 'Can the scholar, practical conveyancer,

statesman, linguist, who had read an Italian novel up to that time never translated into English, lover of flowers and philosopher, whose problems in "Hamlet" are as difficult as those in the second part of "Faust," etc., be one and the same with the lad brought up at an ordinary school; as idle and given-to-mischief, and even deer-stealing, as such boys are? and so forth.' The answer came quickly—it must have been given to many others, Mr. Hepworth Dixon's book was in circulation at that time—'Ah! I see you think Lord Bacon wrote the plays. We hear much of that, especially from a Miss Bacon, who thinks she is some relation of his. *And most people think she is out of her mind.*'

"The shot was so well directed that I was obliged to have a good laugh, which angered the lady even more than my heresies.

"It by no means follows that Mr. Donnelly's theories are adopted if I point out that in many books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries an anagram is employed to ear-mark the author of the book in which it occurs. Bacon, a scholar, whose research was so great, his memory so pregnant, and unconscious cerebration so perfect that in the course of an afternoon's ill-at-ease, he could dictate some three hundred apophthegms from memory, would not think it derogatory to avail himself of such an anagram. It is somewhat curious that the long word of twenty-seven letters, Honorificabilitudinitatibus ('Loves Labour's Lost,' V. i.), forms the anagram, 'But thus I hold Fran ! ! ! ! ! Bacon.'

"Of course there may be nothing in all this, and the testimony of Ben Jonson as to Shakspeare's own brilliancy :—

" 'O could you but have seen his wit !

* * * *

But since you cannot, reader, look,
Not on his picture but his book.'

must always score against the Baconian theory.

"I have long fancied that in Wilton House, where lived the "two noble brethren" to whom the First Folio is dedicated, some scraps may still exist which will throw light on the great paradox: especially as I myself have cleared up two historic doubts almost as old: the date of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the position in which Charles I. died. This last, by bringing to light a pamphlet open to all in the

British Museum and Bodleian, but which no one previously had noticed, the inborn tendency to 'damn pamphlets' being apparently as strong as ever."

This is all that Mr. Thorpe says about the Baconian theory, and although his testimony is valuable—for he is a lawyer, accustomed to weigh circumstantial evidence, a scholar, an archæologist, and a very experienced book collector—yet his language is altogether so crude that it is evident he has not given the matter any very deep study. Hepworth Dixon's book has no bearing on the question at all, for he never published a word about the controversy. Mr. Thorpe apparently thinks that Hepworth Dixon was his own teacher; but he certainly could not have been, any more than Macaulay or Campbell, who, in their own peculiar fashion, also wrote about Bacon. The idea must somehow have dropped into his mind, and there found "natural nesting," for it has not apparently gained stronger hold on him than good healthy instinct will account for.

His anagram might have been omitted. The letters in the big word do *not* contain the anagram he thinks are found. It gives him only one *h*, he uses two: and his anagram leaves three *i*'s, one *u*, and a *t* unaccounted for. And even if the anagram was valid, it is stupid and useless, and attributes to Bacon a sort of levity and fooling which, fond as he was of a jest, could not have emanated from him.

Also the mode in which Mr. Thorpe refers to Ben Jonson shows that he has not studied the case, or he would know that Ben Jonson's words, carefully and critically examined, do not score against us, but most heavily in our favour.

The limitations in Mr. Thorpe's apprehensions of the niceties of our case do not, however, detract from the value of his advocacy. It really does not require much research or very penetrating argument to enable anyone to grasp the broad outlines and obvious reasonableness of the case. The Opposition is not strong in argument, and rarely condescends to employ any. And anyone free from bias, not committed to foregone conclusions, without any literary property at stake on the issue, not laboriously hunting up sophistical cavils to darken counsel, and shut the door on conviction, easily finds his way into our persuasions, and once convinced is not readily shaken by any of the forcible-feeble objections which his belief may have to encounter.

R. M. P.

ANSWERS TO *BACONIANA*, MAY, 1893.

1. INQUIRER is advised to make research into the history of the de Barti, Du Bartas, or Barthius family. Also into that of George Buchanan. No satisfactory answer can be at present returned to this question.

2. Anthony Bacon is a mystery. His place of burial and precise time of his death are unknown. "A gentleman of as high a wit, though not of so profound learning as his brother." It is not positively ascertained that he wrote anything.

3. There are no "accessible" particulars of R. Fludd, except those in the "Real History of the Rosicrucians," by A. E. Waite. Brief notices in the "Dictionary of National Biography, and the Rosicrucians," by Hargreave Jennings, throw no real light upon the work of this occultist. Fludd's "*Mosaical Philosophy*," a 17th century folio in English, can be seen at the British Museum.

4. It is true that the degree is conferred in Holland. We know no more.

5. We will make inquiries, and answer in November.

6. You can find out as much as is allowed to be known about Stenography at the British Museum. Watts' "Subjects Dictionary" may help you to titles of books. You will find the subjects mixed. Yes, Mr. D.— is said to have advanced his system, and others, notably Mr. James Cary, have made very remarkable discoveries. A book, *said not to exist*, and an exceedingly improbable fact about the spire of old St. Paul's, have been brought to light by Mr. Cary, deciphering portions of one of Bacon's acknowledged works. The cipher apparently coincides with, or resembles that in the Shakespeare folio.

7. We hope, in due course, to explain these secret marks; but the matter requires illustration by magnifying, photography, &c., and entails expense. If space can be allowed in this, or the subsequent number of *BACONIANA*, we will re-produce a number of such secret marks of the coarsest description, and to be found in nearly every newspaper.

8. These charges have been calmly and thoroughly examined and refuted by James Spedding in his "Evenings with a Reviewer" (2 vols., 8vo.), this being an analysis of Macaulay's "Essay," or more properly speaking, of his antipathetic review of Basil Montagu's "Life of Bacon." Hepworth Dixon has also refuted these calumnies. See "Personal Life of Bacon" (1 vol., 8vo.), and "Story of Bacon's Life." Other writers have followed these two, but the careful perusal of the works named will furnish the student with a solid foundation on which to build. It is, as Spedding justly said, in vain to write and disprove untruths, if men decline to read the proofs, and while they continue to reiterate their erroneous statements.

9. See *Ante*. A paper on Bacon's Medallion portraits.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY CONCERNING "SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB."—F. J.

EPITAPH on W. Shakespeare's gravestone, as printed in Knight's edition of "Shakespeare." This seems to be, as Malone represented it to have been, at the time when he copied from the original stone. But "F. J." is warned that there are discrepancies in the Shakespearean representations of this epitaph. If he is studying the cipher—

GOOD FRENDE FOR JESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG T—E DUST ENCLOASED HE—RE
BLESE BE T—E MAN $\overset{T}{Y}$ SPARES T—ES STONES
AND CURST BE HE $\overset{T}{Y}$ MOVES MY BONES—

believed by Mr. Hugh Black and Mr. E. G. Clarke, and others, to be found in this inscription, he should not be content with this specimen. The present stone has the lines at equal distances, and the letters in uncials, capitals all of one size.

LET IT BE INQUIRED.

1. I READ in one of Bacon's works or letters words to this effect: "I have read all pieces ancient and modern." Can you refer me to the passage?
X.

2. Is there any true record of the death and funeral of Francis Bacon? of who were present? who performed the service? &c. One author says that he died at the house of my Lord of Arundel; another, that he died at the house of his friend, Dr. Parry. Are either or neither of these accounts true? Whence is the authority for either statement?
BACONIAN.

[Readers will greatly assist the Editing Committee, and advance knowledge, if they would undertake researches such as those involved by the questions above.]